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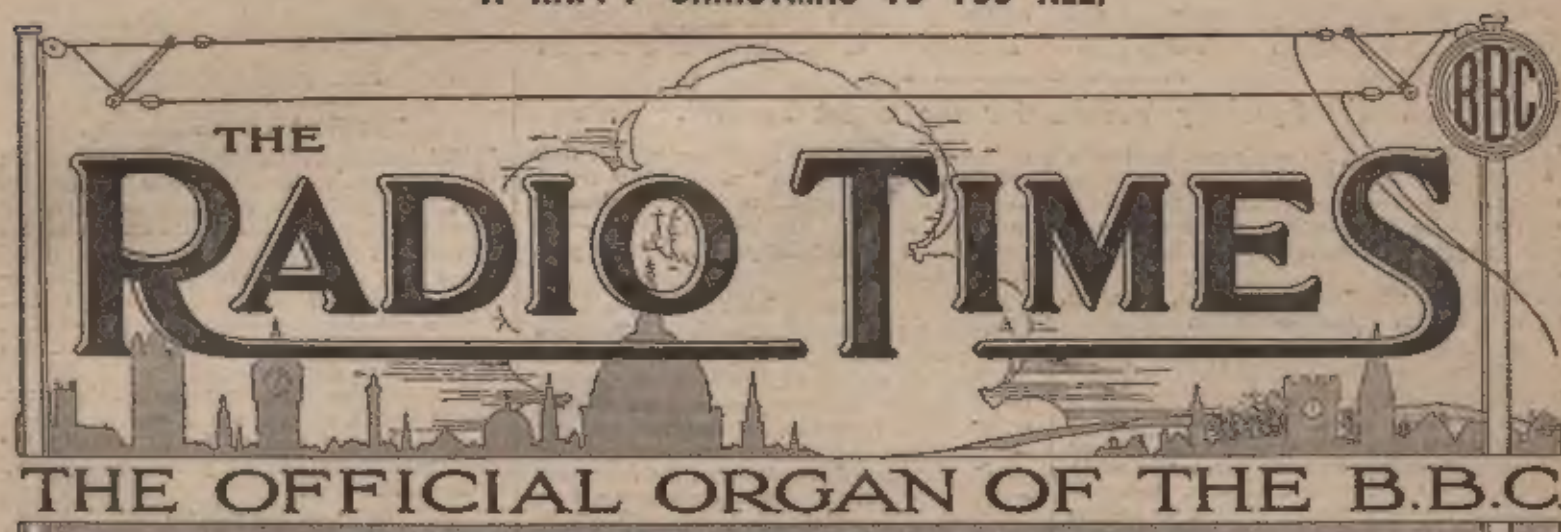
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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.



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G.P.O. as a Newspaper}

EVERY FRIDAY.

Sixpence.

Peace and Goodwill.

By THE EDITORS.

It is well for mankind, although we realise that all do not share our own traditions, that the approach of Christmas is unfamously attended by a special retinue of thoughts and feelings. Christmas, in fact, is a sort of annual remembrance; an "armistice day" which recalls the very first declaration of "Peace and goodwill to men," saying, as no other day in the year can say with anything like the same effect: "Let the strife of business and politics and creeds and policies cease whilst you listen and respond to the great simple things of life—things like Love and Home, like Kindness and Charity and Neighbourliness."

It is well, too, that Christmas, should be the Festival of the Child, because, in trying, in the traditional spirit of Yuletide, to make the children happy, we grown-ups rediscover the first principle of happiness ourselves, an unselfish desire and effort to make others happy. Besides, we are all "children of a larger growth," and at Christmas, if never at any other time, we all get another chance of being children again, of recapturing, if only for a day, some gleam, at least, of the "vision splendour," dimmed, alas, with "the corroding years."

We are glad to think that Broadcasting, whose hand-maiden *The Radio Times* is, has amplified the range of happiness just as it has extended infinitely the hitherto strictly limited range of sound, and, by extending the means and the possibility of happiness, it naturally and inevitably promulgates the spirit of Christmas. If that is so, and we think it is, it is one of the most beneficent happenings since ethereal messengers sang the "first Nowell." That ethereal song was a miracle then; an ethereal song is a miracle still; yet you can adjust your ear-phones, or turn on your "loud-speaker," and, out of the vastness, the invisible, the unknown, comes a Christmas greeting, a word of cheer, a song of hope, a happy surprise for the little ones, a bit of fun and frolic to drive away dull care!

Moreover, in another respect is Broadcasting spreading and amplifying the beneficent Christmas spirit. The Founder of Christmas said: "When ye make a feast call the poor, the sick, the halt, and the blind," and that is exactly what Radio does. It is no respecter of persons; it has no "early door" where, for a few more pence, you can get preferential treatment; boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery are all one. Why, everybody—any-

body—can have a Christmas party nowadays, however poor they be, however meanly they are housed! It needs no cards of invitation, no elaborate catering.

One wonders what Charles Dickens would have said of Radio, what wonderful romances—romances which to-day are solid realities—he would have woven round it. You can be sure he would have taken those of us who have not his "seeing eye and understanding heart" to some poor home, where there could not have been much Christmas cheer but for that magical wire in the backyard, a wonder-working wire indeed, which, like some magician of old, links dull and colourless lives with all that is bright and happy and joyous and colourful.

Then, not only may every household have a party of its own, but, conversely, everybody may take wings of fancy, and join the most splendid festivities imaginable. You remember Hans Andersen's pathetic story of "The Little Matchgirl"? She was dying in the snow, and, as she struck matches to warm her hands, the walls of neighbouring houses became transparent, and she saw the festivities and feasts of the rich to which she had no access. To-day, the magic match not only makes things visible, but makes them tangible. The listener can intrude himself into the best gathering in the world without any sense of intrusion, because he walks in invisible garments in invisible places, and he can, at will, either dismiss his own party or withdraw from the most distinguished company without offence.

The broadcasting service enhances the spirit of Christmas the more surely and effectively because it is so cosmopolitan. It is both general and particular. It is broad enough to include all the world in its embrace; it is narrow enough to get through your sitting-room floor and talk and sing and play to you as though you were the only person in the wide world! It has no politics except the welfare of all, no creed except goodness and truth, no class distinctions except a decided leaning to those who most need cheering, no pride except in its own constant improvement, and, in the best sense, no nationality, inasmuch as it is international, inter-racial, and universal.

It is not British, although it has the *admirandum* spirit which can bring victory out of seeming defeat; it is not French, although it strives to be artistic; it is not Italian, although it loves,

and tries to promulgate a love for, great music; it is not German, although it leaves no stone unturned for success; it is not even American, although it has got everything else on the planet beaten to "a frazzle." It is just cosmopolitan, and at the service of mankind.

That is why it is such a great and promising agent of world peace and international understanding, why it is calculated to do more towards the realisation of the original Christmas ideal of Peace and Goodwill among men than any other world agency that can be imagined. Just as matter is built up of atoms, so the world is built up of families, of homes. Here again, we come into line with all the traditions, with the very genius of Christmas, for it is the Festival of Home as much as it is the Festival of the Child, and, indeed, for that very reason.

The season of Christmas has had something to say to that. Some may envy our antipodean relatives their Midsummer Christmas, but there is virtue in that invincible optimism which sings:—

Hoop on the wood; the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Merry Christmas still!

At any rate, in the Homeland, whatever they may do in Australia and New Zealand, home is supreme at Christmas, and the home note of Christmas is in consonance with the genius of Broadcasting which has added immeasurably to the attractiveness of the home circle. If, as Shakespeare asserts, "all the world's a stage," then the hearth to-day is its auditorium, where we all may listen to the world's greatest dramatists and musicians and orators, even though, without, the wind is whistling over the chimney-pots and driving the snow into drifts, or, more probably, the rain into puddles.

In wishing all our readers a Happy Christmas, we are glad to think of the countless homes into which *The Radio Times* goes, and to think that both this paper and its readers, as well as the B.B.C. in which they are both deeply interested, are really contributing their quota to the furtherance and spread of the Christmas ideal.

It is a great ideal; so great indeed that, could it but be carried round the year and round the world, it would be the inauguration of that reign of universal and lasting peace which it is the highest and dearest mission of Broadcasting to bring to pass.

Christmas With The Composers.

Works Specially Written for the Great Festival.

THOUGH much of the music associated with Christmas is traditional, it includes many works of the great composers, some of them specially written for the great festival, and others linked to it by appropriateness or a more or less strange chance.

Mendelssohn, with "Christmas Pieces," is among the more familiar Yuletide composers.

Mendelssohn and the Children.

In the summer of 1842 he paid his seventh visit to London, and stayed for some weeks with relatives on Denmark Hill. He then endeavoured to obtain lodgings; but, as the rooms offered him were, in his view, "stuffy," he asked whether he might remain at the Denmark Hill house, and, permission having been readily granted, he became on very friendly terms with its juvenile inmates. Besides writing for them a comical Bear's Dance for the pianoforte, he composed for their amusement and instruction eight pianoforte pieces, six of which were subsequently published as "Christmas Pieces."

Mendelssohn also projected an oratorio on the Nativity. This work, which was to be entitled *Christus*, was to form the third of a trilogy with *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, but he died before it was completed. Parts of it were performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival, in 1882.

"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

It was involuntarily, however, that Mendelssohn became closely connected with our celebration of Christmas. One day, the organist of Waltham Abbey was playing No. 2, *The Lied, of Festigung*—sung in the open air at Leipzig, in 1840, in celebration of the Gutenberg Festival—when it struck him that it was adaptable to "Hark! the herald angels sing." Wesley's hymn had previously been set to many tunes, including even that of "See the conquering hero comes," but none of these had attained general favour, and here was something fresh and promising. So he copied out the parts. The tune soon became popular at Waltham Abbey, rapidly spread all over the country, and is now inseparably united to Wesley's text.

A curious circumstance is that Mendelssohn had previously remarked, unknown to the adaptor, that there ought to be words to No. 2, *The Lied*, other than those for which it was composed, adding: "But it will never do to sacred words."

Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

More essentially a Christmas composer is Bach. In his time, several of the ancient customs of the Nativity still obtained at Leipzig. A manger was placed in the church, and a drama, or mystery, was performed, boys representing the angels and other members of the choir singing a lullaby at the cradle. Thus, he became imbued with the sacred spirit of the great festival—a spirit to which he gave expression in the *Magnificat*, the Christmas Oratorio, and other works.

The Christmas Oratorio, which is really a sequence of six church cantatas for the various holy days of Christmastide, abounds in simple, charming, and fitting melodies, though Bach lifted a number of them from his earlier secular works.

But the composer we generally associate with Christmas is Handel, because the *Messiah* is by far the most popular musical work performed then, and because, apart from its subject, the Pastoral Symphony is based on the "Pifa" of the shepherd-pipers of Rome, where the composer heard it at the Christmas of 1709. Only by slow degrees, however, did the great oratorio gain in public favour at Yuletide, or any other time.

This sublime composition, which was begun and completed within twenty-three days, was first performed at Dublin, in April, 1742, where it had aroused the highest anticipations. So big an audience was expected that in an announcement of the performance women were requested to

come without their hoops and men without their wigs—a "condescension" which, it was stated, would enable the stewards to seat seven hundred persons in the hall instead of six hundred—and many musicians confidently looked for a great triumph for Handel.

Handel's Triumph.

Expectations were realised to the full. There was a large and distinguished audience, on which the oratorio made a profound impression. Particularly moved were many of those present with the singing of Mrs. Cibber, for whom Handel had specially written the contralto solos. When she had sung "He was despised," Dr. Delany, the friend and companion of Swift, rose with a solemn air.

"Woman," he said, in a deep voice, "for this be all thy sins forgiven thee!"

But in London the *Messiah* was not nearly so successful as it had been in Dublin. The first performance, indeed, is said to have been something like a fiasco, though as the custom of standing at the Hallelujah Chorus was established at it, the King and the rest of the audience spontaneously springing to their feet as one man, the work must have been received with a certain amount of appreciation.

Still, it certainly did not arouse much enthusiasm either on this occasion in London or subsequently in any provincial town, and not till many years later did it become what it is now—one of those works that are fascinating alike to educated musicians and to the general public.

And this it is which makes Handel supreme among the composers associated with Christmas.

T. W. WILKINSON.

TALKS WORTH HEARING.

PROFESSOR J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY, who, it will be remembered, gave a series of talks in the Spring on "Law," will explain some of the provisions of the new Property Act from London on Tuesday, December 22nd. On the following day the Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland, will give a talk on educational conditions in his diocese. On December 31st, Mr. Basil Foster, the well-known actor, will speak on "Athletics and the Theatre."

The series of talks on Opportunities Overseas will be continued after Christmas, the first talk being on Opportunities in Canada, by Mr. Bruce Walter, Director of European Emigration for Canada.

Music and the Ordinary Listener.

In the new series of talks arranged in conjunction with various educational authorities, Sir Henry Walford Davies, Professor of Music at University College, Aberystwith, and Director and Chairman of the National Council of Music at the University of Wales, is to give a number of talks on Tuesday evenings on "Music and the Ordinary Listener." The first will be on January 5th, S.B. to all stations. Sir Henry Walford Davies is one of the most successful of present-day teachers of music, and is already known to listeners through his talks on Elementary Music which have been broadcast on Tuesday afternoons. This series of school talks will also be continued by Sir Henry, beginning on January 12th.

The Romance of Words.

Another interesting series will be by Professor Ernest Weekley, Head of the Modern Language Department and Dean of the Faculty of Arts at University College, Nottingham. Professor Weekley's subject will be "The Romance of Words," and, among other topics, he will discuss the influence of war upon speech and the many Americanisms which from time to time creep into our language. The talks, S.B. to all stations from Nottingham, will begin on January 13th.

Official News and Radio Gossip.

Time Signals and The Admiralty.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL has incorporated the B.B.C.'s time signals from Greenwich in the Admiralty List. In future, the warning tuning note will be discontinued, and the time signal will consist of six dot seconds only.

The time signals will be given as follows:—10.30 a.m. from Darenty—every day. 1 p.m., London and Darenty—week-days only. 4 p.m., London and Darenty—every day. 10 p.m. All stations—every day.

In consequence of this arrangement, the 4 p.m. and 10 p.m. time signals will be super-imposed on the broadcast programmes. On all week-days the time signals will in general be given at the beginning of the transmissions.

Love and Dancing.

The programme on Tuesday, January 12th, will include a scene illustrative in some measure of the history of dancing and love in this country, which is being arranged by Mr. R. E. Jeffery.

On the same evening it is hoped to give a performance of a play by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

"Mercenary Mary."

Excerpts from *Mercenary Mary*, relayed from the London Hippodrome, will be included in the programme from London between 8.50 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Friday, January 15th. This will be followed by a short programme of light orchestral works by Mr. Percy Fletcher, who will also conduct.

Modern English Music.

The first broadcast performance of three works by modern English composers will be given from London Station, between 8 p.m. and 9.30 p.m., on Wednesday, January 13th. These will consist of an oboe concerto, by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, who wrote the music of *Midsummer Madness*, produced at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, some months ago; "The Lark Ascending," by Vaughan-Williams, a work for solo violin and small orchestra, and *Concerto da Camera*, by Mr. Leslie Woodgate.

The solo parts for these works will be played by Mr. Leon Goossens, oboe, and Mr. William Primrose, violinist.

Popular Song Recital.

Mr. Harry Dearth, the well-known baritone, will give a short recital of the songs he has helped to make so popular from London on Monday, January 11th. Mr. Dearth's items will constitute the 10.30 p.m. feature of the programme.

"Romeo and Juliet."

The opera *Romeo and Juliet*, which the Manchester Station arranged to broadcast and relay to Darenty on Saturday, November 28th, and which was cancelled owing to the death of Queen Alexandra, will now be played on Saturday evening, January 9th, and will be relayed to Darenty.

Royal Dramatic Features.

An interesting programme is promised at Birmingham on Thursday, December 31st, when Radio Fantasy No. 11, with the title "The Doom Mast," will be relayed to Darenty. This Fantasy by John Overton takes place in the Hall of Little Wimpole Manor on a New Year's Eve, in the reign of George II.

The Fantasy is to be followed by a Canto of the Court of St. James's—a short play especially written for broadcasting by Robert de Marnes. The scene opens in the Ballroom of the Palace of St. James's where a ball is in progress. Mr. Percy Edgar, the Birmingham Station Director, takes the part of King Charles II.

A Famous Flautist.

It is hoped to include items by M. Louis Fleury, the famous French flautist, in the afternoon programme from London Station on Sunday, January 10th.

The same evening the ever-popular De Groot and his Orchestra will give the whole programme which will be relayed from the Piccadilly Hotel.

A New Outlook.

By ARTHUR R. BURROWS.



Mr. ARTHUR R. BURROWS.

A THICK fog rising from the Thames was leasing its way over London one winter evening three years ago, when someone innocently opened the window of a top story room in the Strand. There was a rough—probably the first rough to ring out across the whole of Great Britain.

A few posts later there came to London, addressed to the "afflicted" Uncle a small, hem-stitched, chest-protector of red flannel. The stitches and the accompanying letter were the handiwork of a child. That chest-protector is now in Geneva—a souvenir of the dawn of national broadcasting in Europe, but, above all, a simple expression of goodwill—a goodwill which, since repeated on thousands of occasions and in a variety of forms, has profoundly impressed everyone who has had occasion to perform or speak before the microphone.

A Happy Fellowship.

This revelation is not peculiar to Britain. On every continent and in almost every country there are now "wireless" Aunties and Uncles with their corresponding "families" of nieces and nephews. The voices of the former, their coughs and their distinctive mannerisms, are to be heard on the frozen plains of Alaska, over the thousand and one lakes of Finland, across Ceylon's isle and even amongst the hot springs of New Zealand. From each country comes the same story of a new happy fellowship.

If wireless broadcasting has served no other purpose, it has shown, not only to those actually engaged in the studio, but to the public at large, how equally strong and prevalent is this spirit of goodwill amongst the hundreds of thousands of little folk (who represent to-morrow) and their parents facing the serious problems of to-day. How otherwise can one account for the support which has been so freely and willingly given to the funds for the wireless equipment of hospitals and the homes of British wounded, and for the tons—literally tons—of toys which, according to report, youthful listeners have ready at this moment for distribution amongst those less fortunately placed? How contrary is all this to the impression one gains by a casual reading of the daily Press!

The New Outlook.

I would ask readers of *The Radio Times* Christmas Number to believe that this revival of thought for and interest in the lives of others, which was started in the trenches and has since been stimulated by wireless broadcasting, is also not peculiar to Britain alone. From all parts of Europe come similar reports of a new outlook on human relationship. The *Daily News* Fund and other British efforts which have set such striking examples of what can be done by a timely and sensible use of national sentiment, have successful counterparts in practically every European country where broadcasting has a place.

We are at the dawn of International broadcasting.

In a few weeks time, serious efforts will be made to exchange complete programmes with foreign lands. Whatever may be the measure of success surrounding these first attempts, it is certain that, before long, it will be a common practice for distant countries to give and to receive for the enjoyment of all classes—not merely a privileged few—the best of everything which is capable of being expressed in terms of sound. There will follow a new

(Continued overleaf in column 3.)

A Talk To Home Makers.

By P. P. ECKERSLEY.

SO many people have written to me asking for the exact description of the set which I described vaguely in a previous article, that I feel a sequel is necessary.

As we have consistently tried to interpret all our work in terms of public service, it was thought in the public interest best to write an article asking home makers and others to study the factor of safety so that both they and their neighbours would be better able to receive broadcasting, the one without disturbing the other, the other undisturbed. I pointed out, in general terms, that such could be done on modern apparatus, and described, to make my evidence circumstantial, a set where it is done.

Hampering an Industry.

Now, everyone wants just that set—at least those who haven't got something similar. They want me either to say it's the XYZ set and costs empty pounds, or *The Radio Times* to issue a blue print, full description, template for drilling, etc. They, in fact, want me to short circuit the manufacturers and just tell them what to do.

I am now going to tread on, perhaps, dangerous ground, but surely it is only fair to the trade to point out that the justification for home making only arises when the home maker is really legitimately an experimenter and knows what he is doing. If home making simply means copying what someone else has taken pains to design, might I suggest that mental indigestion may result, and more, might I point out that a new and great industry is being hampered?

I feel that, even if we could do it, the issuing of cut and dried instructions on how to make a particular set would be unfair to those whose livelihood it is to sell sets, at a legitimate profit, to the public. It costs thousands and thousands of pounds to find out new things. How can anyone afford to spend all this money if he can see no return for it? If, in fact, the new design which he hoped to put on the market for the benefit of the public is not bought because someone issues a complete specification to home makers who, be it whispered, very often turn their easily acquired knowledge to private profit?

Half Europe in a Drawing-Room.

How can the British manufacturer be encouraged if he finds that his market is robbed by people who, having no research or experimental staff, no overhead charges, no special taxes to pay, and who employ no labour, are able to undersell him? The art will come to a standstill if this vicious circle is continued, because obsolete models will continue to be sold at prices far above what they would if a larger market were available.

While I have every sympathy for the genuine experimenter, so long as he really does get good results—as good, that is, as the manufacturer—and so pleases himself, and his family, and does not bring broadcasting into disrepute, and so long as he does not oscillate, I still feel that he is not playing the game by the new industry if he robs them of their market, their knowledge, and their chance of progress by under-selling.

It is for the above reasons that I cannot give specific instructions as to how to make a good set, and, obviously, I dare not take the responsibility of recommending a particular manufacturer, although I am in the best possible position to do so, having no commercial interest whatsoever

in that field of the work and anxious only for everyone's true enjoyment of our transmission.

I can, however, be perhaps a little more generally specific by saying that, as far as one can judge from the general trend of design on both this and the other side of the Atlantic, two main types of receiver are waging a war for premier place; they are the Straight High Frequency, as the Americans call it, the Neutrodyne, and the Superregenerative. With these types properly designed, the distant listener will find half Europe in his drawing-room (and their heterodynes), will be able to cut out his local station, will find the sets easy to operate, and need never annoy his neighbours. But oh! home makers beware, because in multi high frequency work you really have to know what you are doing, and I will frankly admit that in rigging up such a set, there is hardly anyone in the world who will not, if he works an open aerial, cause a multitude of shrieking and oscillation before he gets things adjusted.

How to Get a Good Set.

Work on closed circuit with a buzzer and it is different, but do be careful. I think that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I am safe in saying that the manufacturer has at this moment better sets to sell of this type than most people can make. Again, I would not go so far as to say that simpler sets than this will not give good results. We do implore that you will not push your home-made sets past their limits, that you will not gaily embark upon the making of multi-valve sets without being sure it can be done, that you will give the manufacturer a chance, and that you won't complain about flat tuning of our stations, etc., until you are sure you are in possession of modern apparatus.

I write the above with diffidence, well knowing that I may tread on some corns; but the evil of oscillation should be combated, and the way to stop it is to have good receiving sets not pushed past their practical limit. The way to get good receiving sets is to go to those who spend all their working hours in studying how best to serve the public; only the real amateur with a real knowledge of the art should tackle the job, apart from those.

In the Public Interest.

Lastly, may one appeal to some of these wireless correspondents who write for the daily Press and who give "ideal" circuits to bear the above in mind? They will be truly acting in the public interest if they do. But lately—in fact, just after the publication of my article on "The World on One Valve"—I saw in a paper (published north of the Tweed, by the way!) a design "with intensive reaction" (sic) which it was said would give loud-speaker results up to fifty miles from a main 1½ kilowatt station. And the circuit was a one-valve arrangement! I am not saying it would not; I only say, in the hands of the average man (I count myself as such; I can't be bothered with fine adjustments) it would indeed need intensive reaction and, I should surmise, intensive action on the part of the user's neighbours.

In the public interest, then, please don't have sets which oscillate us; if you cannot afford more expensive ones, be content until we, as we shall one day, give you alternatives everywhere. In the public interest, give those who make their bread and butter by making, designing, and selling really good sets, a chance. In the public interest and your own, don't plunge into the midst of high frequency magnification, super sensitive sets, super selective sets, if you feel that you will, in doing so, interfere with other people's enjoyment and, in the end, achieve little good. It will be a proud day for the B.B.C. when oscillation ceases.

Remember, at this time of year we are trying to be more neighbourly and achieve the real wireless Christmas spirit by remembering our neighbors.

P.S.—My father-in-law's set is not on the market.



Captain ECKERSLEY.

An Old-Time Christmas Adventure.

By E. Le Breton Martin.*

DRAW the curtains! Bring in the Yule log. Tune in! So may you defy the elements, and in the true Christmas spirit deplore modernity and chapsodize becomingly over "the days of old, when men were bold, and the prize of the brave was the fair," conjure up pictures of dainty ladies in patch and powder, be-ruffled gallants, stage-coaches, and all the concomitants of the storied past.

The eighteenth century—so picturesque, so delightful to read about, maybe to long for, but—would you really, dear reader, exchange the present for the past, the comforts you may now enjoy for the discomforts of those far-off days? Let us for a few minutes borrow a magic carpet and fly back to a Christmas Eve two hundred years ago, try and recapture the glamour of that romantic time with all its supposed colour, all its real hardship.

The "Flying Coach."

Supposing, for instance, you had then wanted to go from London to Newcastle. I have in my possession an old advertisement of the London and Newcastle "Flying Coach," which reads as follows: "A coach will set out towards the end of next week for London, or any place on the road. To be performed in nine days, being three days sooner than any other coach that travels the road; for which purpose eight stout horses are stationed at proper distances."

And if you were still more daring, you might, once a fortnight, journey from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 398 miles, in fourteen days, thus covering some twenty-eight miles a day.

And what sort of a vehicle was it? Imagine a great vat, somewhat flattened, slung between mighty curving springs, this cumbersome body being covered with black leather, studded with big-headed nails that traced out the panels. The massive window frames were painted scarlet, the windows provided with curtains that could be drawn at will, glass a rarity. On the panels were painted the names of the places of departure and arrival; the roof rose in a curve; the wheels were clumsy and usually painted red; the coachman sat in front upon a high and narrow boot, which was sometimes adorned with a fringed hammer-cloth. A postilion was on the foremost horse. The vehicle, when once under way, groaned, creaked, swayed, and lumbered like a sailing-ship in a gale.

Travelling Under Difficulties.

Listen to what a traveller in one of these "flying machines" says: "Persons to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, instead of the inside, sit on the top of the coach, without any seats, or even a rail. By what means passengers thus fasten themselves securely on the roof of these vehicles I know not; but you constantly see numbers seated there, apparently at their ease and in perfect safety. This they call riding on the outside, for which they pay only half as much as those who are within."

He then goes on to narrate his own experiences in a drive from Leicester to Northampton, which is worth re-telling.

Imagine the vehicle drawn up inside the inn-yard. The inside passengers get in from the yard itself. The outside passengers have to wait until the coach gets into the street, for had they clambered up while the vehicle was still in the yard, they would all have been swept off or decapitated by the top of the archway.

*In a Talk from London.



When our hapless voyager does manage to climb to his precarious perch, he finds that his companions in misery are an elderly farmer, a young man "very decently dressed," and a blackamoor. He was constrained to sit just at the corner of the coach, and all that he had to hold on by was a tiny handle fastened to the side.

Off goes the "machine" through the cobbled streets of Leicester, and all the luckless passenger could do was to hang on to the little handle like grim death, and even then wonder how on earth he was to save himself from being hurled to the ground.

Leicester was left behind. Up hill and down dale the crazy, swaying coach careered. Then the traveller made a discovery. Hanging behind the coach was a "basket," a great wicker work structure slung on the back of the vehicle by stout leathern straps between the hind wheels, its base resting on the axle-trees. Its real use was, of course, for luggage.

But, rendered desperate by his agony, paying no attention to the warnings of the blackamoor, who assured our traveller that he would be shaken to death, the poor wretch crept from the top of the coach, while it was tiding slowly up a hill, and dropped into the basket.

Oh, the relief as the coach laboured slowly up and on! By the time the summit of the declivity had been reached, the voyager was almost asleep.

Shaken to Bits.

Suddenly the coach plunged downward, and in its plunging course set a-dancing the boxes and packages, some copper-fastened, some iron-nailed, so that the luckless human parcel received "such violent blows that I thought my last hour had come."

Why had he disregarded the warnings of the friendly nigger? Repentance, however, was in vain. There was nothing to be done save grin and bear the agony until another hill was reached, when, shaken almost to bits, bleeding and sore in every limb, the daring adventurer was able to crawl back to his former "seat" on the top.

From Harborough to Northampton he had a terrible journey. The rain came down in torrents and he was soaked to the skin. The young man who sat next to him now and then fell asleep, and at such times would roll against his neighbour, so that all he could do was to cling in terror to the tiny handle. He was almost at his last gasp when at last Northampton was reached.

Better Than Walking.

On the next morning, he took an inside place in the London coach. The start was made in the early hours of the morning. He fared but little better than he had done the day before. The journey was not so much a drive as an endless jolt from one place to another, in a stuffy wooden box, the roads appearing to consist of uneven stones, trunks of trees that had been flung abroad by a hurricane, oceans of mud and deep holes.

To make his happiness more complete, he had three travelling companions, farmers all, who slept so soundly that even the lusty blows with which they hammered their heads against each other, and against his, did not arouse them from their slumber.

No, reading by the light of history, and ignoring the glowing pages of fiction, the marvel to us nowadays is that anyone should have ventured to ride inside such a vehicle as the one I have just mentioned.

SONGS WORTH KNOWING.

"The Knight of Bethlehem."

THE words of this fine song are from "The Husband of Poverty," by H. Neville Maughan. They have been set to music by David Cleghorn Thomson. Few more appropriate songs could be sung at this time of the year, and it is interesting to note that it is sung on occasions by Mr. John Coates, by whose permission we publish the words. The song is published by Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

There was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows,
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows;
His castle was a wooden cross
Whereon He hung so high,
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
Whose crest did touch the sky.

There was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows,
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows.

A New Outlook.

(Continued from the previous page.)

International rivalry—a rivalry in the giving of pleasure.

These statements are not without foundation. During the last few months it has been my privilege to meet and talk at length with the prime-movers of broadcasting in the great majority of European countries. Whilst, as might be expected, there are matters in which the several local points of view do not entirely coincide, they are all agreed that the broadcasting services have great responsibilities and that they must be available only for the best, whether it be in the field of instruction, musical or humorous entertainment. Programme managers and engineers alike are looking forward to the development of the international exchange of programmes and are confident that, through these exchanges, there will grow a happier understanding amongst the several European peoples. The Council of the *Union Internationale de Radiophonie* has reflected these individual expressions by indicating its willingness to assist the League of Nations movement in every possible way.

International broadcasting could not have a happier send off, for, of all Christmas Days in the life of the present generations, the one to which we are looking forward promises to be richest in widespread goodwill.

If only the listeners of Europe will stand by their broadcasting organizations and support them wholeheartedly in their efforts to reveal our many common interests, the result, I anticipate, will be as pleasantly surprising as the growth of broadcasting itself.

With the Locarno Agreement, warm from the hands of great Statesmen, and with the dawn of a new era of international intercommunication one may reasonably visualize the time when, from Valentin Island to the Sea of Marmara—and beyond—

The night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

THE lives and occupations of the monks who lived in the monasteries of the Middle Ages, about which the Rev. D. H. S. Crangue will shortly tell listeners on alternate Wednesdays, are well worth hearing about. Dr. Crangue, who is Secretary of the Gilchrist Educational Trust, and actively associated with adult education, will deal with the monasteries and their surroundings, as well as the lives of the monks themselves.

PEOPLE YOU WILL HEAR THIS WEEK.



Miss PEGGY COCHRANE, Violinist, who will play for London and Daventry listeners on December 20th.



Miss PHYLLIS PANTING is taking part in the play, "The War in Spain," from Aberdeen, Glasgow and Dundee on December 21st.



Miss MAY BURLEIGH, who will sing from Cardiff on December 21st.



Mr. ARTHUR Bournemouth will read a shortened version of "Gabriel Grubb" from "Pickwick," from London on December 20th.



Mr. HARRY LAUDER, the world-famous Scots comedian, will make his first broadcast on December 22nd (8.5. to all stations).



Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER will talk to listeners from London, Daventry, and other stations on December 21st.



Mr. WILKIE BARD, in whose sketch broadcast listeners will take part on December 21st.



Miss MONA WAGHBOURNE will give songs at the piano at Birmingham on December 22nd.



Mr. W. HEATH ROBINSON, the popular artist, will tell all listeners how to draw by numbers, on December 21st.

Homework For Christmas Holidays.

Our Boys' Listening Out Set. By Ashley Sterne.

ANY parent will tell you that there are a few days before Christmas when the boys, just back from Eton, Borstal, or other educational centres, find time hang heavy on their hands. It is at this period that mother's mince-meat, maturing in the larder, mysteriously disappears; while some of father's choicest cigars are unaccountably discovered in a half-smoked condition, abandoned at the bottom of the garden.

Yards of Wire.

Be the explanation of these phenomena what it may (and having myself been a lad of the village, I refrain from innuendo), there nevertheless remains the fact that the boys undoubtedly require something of a utilitarian, yet diverting, nature to occupy their minds and employ their energies prior to the beginning of the actual Christmas festivities, and I cannot think of a better way for them to achieve this end than by constructing their own wireless sets.

What I don't know about wire-
less would fill
Mudie's; but I
do happen to
possess a faculty
for minute obser-
vation, and since
many of my
friends possess
home-made wire-
less sets which,
with much pride
and oratory, they
have exhibited
to me, I feel
sufficiently com-
petent to describe their manufacture. So huddle
round Uncle Ashley, boys, and with all your ears
skimbo listen to his glowing (1.5 kw.) phrases!

Curious as it may seem, the first requisite for making a wireless set is an enormous quantity of wire—yards and yards of it. Some of it you proceed to hang up in the back-garden, where, apart from the fact that it forms a very handy clothes-line on washing-days and an acceptable perch for the lesser fowls of the air on other days, I cannot see that it fulfils any useful purpose, except to notify folks that you are a wireless enthusiast, just as the barber sticks up a pole outside his shop to designate his own particular little hobby. However, as I don't see that the erection of this wire entanglement is likely to interfere with the working of your finished set, I strongly recommend you to conform with wireless etiquette and hang one up.

This little formality completed, you may then proceed to assemble the various parts of the actual mechanism. From what I have previously observed, I gather that there are, apparently, two sorts of sets in general use—crystal and valve. Precisely what these terms are intended to convey, I must regretfully admit, boys, I don't know; but since valve-sets seem to me to be prettier, with their little glow-lamps and things, I'll describe the erection of one of them. First you will need a large wooden box, with practicable lid, in which to arrange all your bits and pieces.

Inside, you put all the wire left over after you've hung up that thing in the garden, and, for the sake of special economy, it is as well to wind it round an empty cocoa-tin, a roll of margarine, or other handy cylinder.

Next, you procure some wide-mouthed pickle-bottles, and having extracted the pickles, you insert a little slab of zinc, or tin, or (if you want to swank) radium, and a slate-pencil in each. You then fill up the bottles with hydraulic acid,

barley water, or other convenient fluid, and your battery (as it is called) is ready for action.

There won't be very much room left in the box when you've got so far, but any odd corners there are may suitably be filled up with valves. Below are illustrations showing a valve open and closed, which I have copied from an article on the Common or Garden Pump in my encyclopedia.

The interior of the box now being full, you can next turn your attention to fitting up the lid, which is the pride and joy of every wireless amateur. The more volubly knobs and brass screws he can fix into it, the greater his rapture, and, to this end, you proceed to perforate the lid with a great number of holes into which your gadgets may be screwed.

Twiddling the Knobs.

The knobs must be the kind that twiddle round, as the twiddling of same is a source of great delight when eventually you have got the machine work-

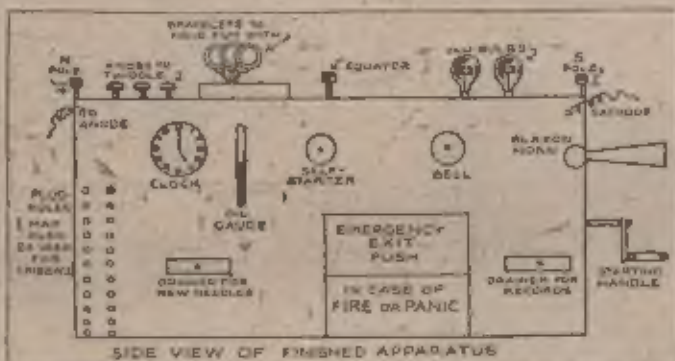
ing. They should also bear some label engraved upon them, such as "in," "out," "earth," "tin," "a h r u b," "cloves," and so forth, so that you may know which knob you're twiddling; and if you want to do the thing really well, you may have pointers attached to some of the knobs which will serve to indicate numbers on a dial. Any numbers you like will do, I imagine; though, personally, I prefer those which Negretti and Zambra use on their thermometers, as I am more familiar with those than many of the others, of which there would seem to be an endless variety.

In the centre of the lid you may suitably erect a small pedestal bearing three or four little bracelets wound round with sticking-plaster. Great fun may be had with these when listening, as, if you waggle them about, they cause the sound to go and come in a most ludicrous manner.

Quite apart from the posh and imposing appearance these bracelets lend to your set, they can, when not required for wireless purposes, be detached and used as serviette-rings, or even worn by your sisters as substitutes for the more conventional slave-bangles. They should, however, be sparingly used for wagging purposes, as too frequent wagging is apt to create an atmospheric disturbance technically known as "osculation"—a phenomenon I won't attempt to expatiate upon, except to observe that it is exceedingly bad for growing lads.

Lastly, you will require two or three electric light globes, which have seen their best days, and these you affix to your box-lid in order that you may the more readily discern your knobs and bracelets. How precisely you connect up all these gadgets with the works inside, and in which holes you insert the plugs of your ear-phones, I am unable to say. But if you have bored plenty of holes and taken the precaution to leave lots of loose ends of wire, this problem should occasion you no difficulty.

I may add that Captain Eekersley has very kindly looked over both the letterpress and the diagrams of this article, and in a highly eulogistic note to me says that he has never read or seen anything like it. So that's all right.



Advance Plans.

"St. Paul" from Birmingham.

MENDELSSOHN'S *Oratorio St. Paul*, relayed from the Drill Hall, Wolverhampton, will be broadcast from Birmingham on Monday, December 28th. The performance, conducted by Mr. Joseph Lewis, will be given by the Wolverhampton Musical Society and the Station Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Frank Cantell. The soloists are to be Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Gladys Palmer, Mr. Walter Hyde and Mr. Harold Williams.

Broadcast to Europe.

The half-hour broadcast to Europe which has formerly been given on Friday evenings from Daventry will, beginning on January 4th, take place instead on Monday evenings, at 8.30 p.m.

Peter Pan at Bournemouth.

Half-an-hour of "Peter Pan" in story and music will be included in the Bournemouth programme on December 20th. The story of Peter Pan will be told by Miss Lilian Edwards, and a Suite, "Peter Pan," composed by W. Alwyn, will be played by the Station Orchestra. To this Suite there are four portions: 1, "Peter Pan"; 2, "The Lost Boys in the Never-Never Land"; 3, "Tinker-Bell"; and 4, "Captain Hook." This is one of the first works of this young composer, who has studied for some years past at the Royal Academy of Music, where he has now obtained a post.

Careers for Girls.

Arrangements have been made to give a series of talks on "Professional Careers for Girls" from the Bournemouth Station. The first talk is to be delivered by Mrs. Eric Sharp, M.A., at 6 p.m. on New Year's Day.

Another Night Out at Leeds.

Judging by the large number of appreciative letters which were received last September, when "Three of the Lads and a Lady" presented their first "Night Out," over the microphones, listeners should welcome their re-appearance in the Leeds programme on New Year's Day. Mr. Jack Sayen, who is responsible for the book and lyrics, and Mr. John Woods Smith, who has composed the music, have frequently delighted listeners in the past; while Miss Doris Nichols and Mr. Clifford Dean are too well known at Leeds to need further introduction.

Those who remember the first "Night Out" can be assured that the second one will be equally joyous and light-hearted.

Welcoming the New Year.

On New Year's Day Plymouth Station will welcome 1936 by giving a programme under the title of "A New Year's Greeting" from the ladies and from the gentlemen. This programme is divided into two sections, the first being rendered entirely by ladies, and will include Miss Mabel Grose, the well-known soprano, and Miss Edna Vanstone, contralto. Listeners will be glad to hear that Miss Jeanne Paule and Miss Leonie Lascelles will "Introduce the piano and themselves."

Seventeenth-Century Music.

The first half of the programme between 8 and 10 p.m. from the Stoke Studio, on Friday, January 1st, will be devoted to seventeenth century music. The composers will be discussed by Dr. F. A. Chailinor, Mus.Doc., and illustrations of their works will be given by Miss Kate Hammonely, soprano, and Mr. Bernard Lawton, baritone. The second part will be devoted to instrumental and vocal items by Mr. Arthur Thompson and Mr. Frederick Scragg, respectively.

Mr. Thompson is well known at the Westminster Training College, London, and this will be his first broadcast performance. His items include arrangements by Fritz Kreisler of *Liedeslied* and *Liedesfreund*.

"And Then Is Heard No More"

By Bertha F. Whitechurch

"GOOD NIGHT, everybody." The station had closed down for the night.

We sat silently on a moment, lost in reverie: then I removed the phones, laid them on the table, and was about to make tracks for bed when Jack motioned me to remain where I was.

It was a habit of his to experiment with his wireless long into the early hours of morning. The wireless room, as it was called, was fitted up with every possible electrical contrivance and many an interesting hour I had spent there with this friend of mine.

It seemed strange to think of this modern invention occupying a room so aged—a room where generations of Jack Macgilligan's ancestors had played their parts, and then passed on, leaving only perhaps their carved names rudely cut on the naked beams, the painted semblance of their faces staring down at us from the lofty walls.

I think Jack must have been thinking the same thing, for he startled me by quoting the lines:—

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

"I wonder, Dick old man—I wonder, 'And then is heard no more'! I suppose, old friend, Shakespeare really believed that; but then perhaps he hadn't studied the science of sound, and did not know of the possibilities of wireless. Do you realize that a sound once made is made for ever, that it can never be erased, but must travel around in the atmosphere growing fainter and fainter, until we say it has gone? But has it? Certainly I suppose it has, to anything as clumsy as our ears, or even to the keen ears of wireless, but—" Here he paused and lowered his voice to an excited whisper. "A wireless can be so made which can hear sounds of all ages."

I smiled at the idea and shook my head. I knew Jack when he got in these excited moods.

"That is rather a fantastic idea," I remarked.

"But not impossible," he insisted. "I have been working for months now at my idea, and at last I see daylight ahead. I mean to startle the world by a revelation so extraordinary that it will set the tongues of all men talking. I haven't breathed a word about it to anybody except you and I want you to keep my secret. You say you have to go to-morrow? Very well, listen to me. You will return here in a month's time, and you shall hear something with your sceptical young ears which shall astound you; and now good night. I have my work to do."

I returned to Scotland and found my way to Fording Castle a month later, but Jack had not as yet completed his wireless experiment. Indeed, he seemed morose and worried about it.

"I have not sufficient facts to work it out, I'm afraid," he said. "My theory is sound, of that I feel positive, and to hear sounds of bygone ages is not an impossibility; but I cannot distinguish the sounds—all is a blur at present. If only I could somehow get an idea of some exact time a sound was made in this room, say, perhaps, a century ago, I might be able to get a start."

We were sitting once more in the wireless room. The grim faces of the past and dead Macgilligans, with their inscrutable eyes looking down at us. What had they witnessed in this room? What thrilling things could they have spoken of, had they been able? What secrets could the old walls and timber disclose? Indeed, it was a stage setting which had seen many an act of comedy and jest, perhaps tragedy—who knows?

"Well, old man, don't brood like that. Come and let's eat some grub; you must be famished after your journey."

Over the meal Jack began telling me about his financial worries.

"You see, Dick, it isn't all a bed of roses keeping up a castle in these hard days. I sometimes think I shall have to sell the place; there are plenty of rich Americans who would give their eyes to possess an old Scotch castle teeming with historical interest. It can boast of having sheltered Bonnie Prince Charlie in the olden days. That ought to rake in the dollars, eh?"

I could see Jack was in earnest, and I knew his great love for the place which had belonged for so many centuries to the Macgilligans. How he would feel it, if he really had to sell!

"There ought to be some old family jewels which you could pawn to tide you over a bad time," I remarked.

"I wish there were," he said. "There used to be a famous one, you know, only it has been lost now for over a century and a half. Haven't I ever told you the story about the Macgilligan diamond?"

"No."

"Like to hear it?"

"Rather! Fire away."

"Well, once upon a time—that's the way to begin a story, isn't it?—there was a wonderful diamond belonging to the Macgilligan family. It was handed down to the eldest son and was always kept in a secret aliding panel for safety. It was a magnificent stone, and worth about ten thousand pounds. It appears never to have been worn by anyone—just kept as a relic; and as the family were always in a fairly prosperous condition, it never went out of their keeping for any purpose at all. Well, I think it was somewhere about 1750, old Sir Ian Macgilligan died and left all his papers and documents relating to the whereabouts of the hiding-place of the diamond to his eldest son John. The diamond then hadn't been on view for about five years, and it was only the actual owner, the eldest son, who knew of its hiding-place. There was also a tradition that the second son, Conrad, discovered where it was kept, but Conrad came to a bad end—murdered, so the family records have it. Well, as soon as old Sir Ian had died John thought he'd have a look at the diamond and see that it was all right; found the hiding-place by means of his papers, opened the secret panel—lo and behold, no diamond!

"There was a great hue-and-cry, of course, but, alas! no pursuit, and no one has ever heard or seen anything of the diamond since. It was last seen in the year 1746, so it must have disappeared between the five years which elapsed before Sir Ian's death."

"What a strange story! And have you got the papers and directions telling you about the hiding-place?" I asked.

"Yes, my poor old dad gave them me before he died, although he said they were no earthly good now, and might as well be burnt. Of course, I had a good search round, like everyone else since that time; but there is absolutely nothing except the casket which used to contain the diamond. Would you like to see it? It's quite an interesting relic, and I still keep it in the secret hiding-place—which, by the way, is in the wireless room."

I nodded my assent, and, dinner over, we made our way back to the old room.

Referring to the papers, Jack identified the panel. We pressed various places indicated by the plans, and eventually the panel slid back, revealing a recess with a little stone ledge on which stood the casket.

"And when she got there, the cupboard was bare," quoted Jack. "Let's have a look at the casket, anyhow. Bring it out under the light."

We did so, and opened it.

"Absolutely empty—didn't I tell you so?"



"Charlie, 'is safe. Come quickly! Hie! Not a sound!"

This, as I peered into it, shaking it all round, and trying to discover whether by any chance there might be a false bottom. It was a handsome casket, the outside being of silver now blackened with age, and inset with gold, while the inside was lined with pale yellow wood. I was about to return it to its resting-place and was in the act of closing it when my finger accidentally touched the bottom of the box, which somehow seemed to feel unlike the wood, although it was the same colour. It felt like paper—what was more, it was paper—yellow, the same colour as the wood, and fitting the bottom of the casket so perfectly that it was very hard to tell the difference. Jack was interested.

"Wonder how the deuce that got there? 'Cute eyes you've got, old son. I should never have noticed it. Let's take it out."

Very gingerly I inserted a sharp penknife underneath the small piece of paper. It lifted up easily, displaying only the ordinary yellow wood beneath.

"Now I wonder why that was there. Look, man!" suddenly ejaculated Jack. "I do believe there's writing on the other side." There was—very faint, but nevertheless decipherable. In great excitement we brought it near the light, and with a little difficulty read the following, written in a thin, rather untidy hand, as if the writer had been in a great hurry.

"To I, a love forlorn maid, Flora Macdonald, has to 'un your diamond, O Macgilligan heirs. Forgive me, for my heart is sore, and I must it have even to help my Bonnie Prince Charlie. The second day of February in the year of Grace 1746—at the hour of midnight. May God forgive me."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "This is interesting. It surely must be of great historical value, beyond being an important clue which may help to discover the whereabouts of the diamond. How one's curiosity is aroused! We have so many legends and stories telling us of this Scotch girl's great love for the Bonnie prince, and one longs to know more of the circumstances surrounding the diamond's disappearance. But, alas! we have only these pathetic words left us on a scrap of paper around which it is possible to weave many an interesting, but varied tale."

(Continued overleaf in column 3.)

Radio and the Poets.

Some Unsolicited Testimonials. By A. B. Cooper.

THE following poetical and quite unsolicited testimonials to the worth of wireless and the delights of listening have recently been found in our official letter-box. No doubt, our readers will have their own views on the matter of their origin and authorship, and they may not coincide with ours. For ourselves, we have come to the conclusion that a small and very select band of contemporary poets must have recently spent an evening together, and in the course of that "flow of soul" which always characterizes such meetings, the question of broadcasting arose.

Could there be any subject so admirably fitted for poetic discussion, so replete with poetic ideas, so firing to the imagination, so pleasing to the fancy, so provocative of panegyrics? Evidently, this company of living poets so warmed to their subject that they determined, each and all, to send an unsigned poem—even if it were but a single stanza.

As these poetical nosegays are unsigned, we can only rely on internal evidence, on the almost imperceptible nuances of style and diction, in our identification of their authorship, and if we venture to give the initials of the poets we guess at, our readers must not think our judgment infallible.

From "Sir H. N."?

We can only say that if "Sir H—y N—t" did not drop the following through our letter-box, we know not who did it—

Though old, and in my hammock, on a hundred miles away

(Both my lads are listenin' down below),
Slung across the chimney an' the pole we fixed to-day,

My wires catch all the sounds o' Plymouth Hoe,
An' if I want Newcastle, say, Hull, Cardiff, or Belfast,

The stuff to set old hearts a-dance wi' glee,
I settle down luxurious, siddles waxin' fast on' furious,

An' I 'ears 'em all as easy as can be.

A night or two later, another mysterious missive arrived. The first line seemed to give the show away, and we murmured "A—d N—e" as we read:—

The moon is up; the stars are bright;

The wind is fresh and free;

But I shall not go out to-night.

So listen now with me;

The world was growing grey and old,

Till Wireless made it young,

For it led us to those Reclines of Gold

Where silver songs are sung.

Hark! how we hear the angels sing—

Or so it seems to me—

Or the bells of old Saint Clement's ring.

Or some jazz-time minstrelsy;

Why, I sometimes dream the whole round world

Is on my hearth-rug roll'd.

And the Flags of Peace are all unfurl'd

To bring the Age of Gold.

A Laureate of the Empire.

When a third poetical missive arrived, again surreptitiously thrust "by hand" into our letter-box, we began to suspect the work of some practical joker; but as we read the following lines, the mystical initials "R—d K—g" seemed to recall some Laureate of the Empire and of Sussex.

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas,

But the time is coming yet when from Thames and Tees,

When from Stoke and Plymouth Hoe, when from Leeds and Hull,

Winged words shall cross the main with the strong-wing'd gull.

Fly to Melbourne and to Perth o'er the great South Main,

Fly to Nova Scotia, there and back again;

Make a circuit of the earth while I'm counting five,

Keep the race of Britain strong, keep her heart alive.

Knit and bind with all mankind in a League of Peace,

Till no word with iron shard stem the world's increase,

Till around the Seven Seas, while ebb and flow the tides

Unto each his mother-beach, and comradeship beides.

A More Fragment.

We began to wonder where it would end, but it was not for us to complain. If the best poets of the day were minded to send us these unsolicited testimonials we could only accept them with thanks and try to guess who the unknown donors of these favours might be.

However, here is the next arrival:—

Last week in Babylon,

Last night in Rome,

Never stirring any time

One inch from home;

You put on your ear-phones,

Tighten a screw—

Hear, now a nightingale,

Grows at the Zoo,

Now to some city

At the world's end,

Now to another

Just round the bend.

Time, you old gipsy-man,

What have you done?

Put up aërials

To add to our fun,

Time, you old gipsy-man,

How long will it last?

Tell we've ruled the future

And raked o'er the past.

Well, of course, if the initials of the poet who wrote that are not "R—h H—n," they must be something else, and that is all one can determine with any finality.

"Better Late Than Never."

The old proverb says "Better late than never," and though two days passed with no further missives, on the third evening two arrived to make up for lost time.

Here is the first: I guessed "J—n M—d," but, of course, I might be mistaken:—

It is good to be in the heather, tramping for miles and miles,

Good to be on the hill-top, and good in the valley as well,

Good to watch clouds lying in the ocean of sky, like isles,

See game making golden landscapes, the foxglove shaking her bell;

But it's good to be indoors, quiet, the snow lying thick on the ground.

And to hear a splendid opera far off in London Town,

When you're shut in by the wide white fields, never an outward sound.

Ay, it's good on the wings of the ether to fly o'er moor and down.

I opened the other missive with some trepidation. I seemed to recognize that "flat." If my surmises were correct, here was something applied to which the word "testimonial" were a misnomer. I believe my guess is right, but I would not for the world transcribe those three magical initials, "O. K. C." In any case, it proved the last "lot," and, lest we should be suspected of being too avid of praise, I give the verses as they came to me:—

I know not much, I care not much

For wireless waves or ways;

Science to me is double Dutch,

A weary waste of days;

I'd rather hear a nightingale

Descanting to the moon,

Than hearken to the rag-time tale

Of fiddles out of tune.

Go, listen in! Obnoxious word!

I'll bid me to my den,

Where words of wisdom may be heard

From foot-forgotten men.

"And Then Is Heard No More."

(Continued from the previous page.)

I might as well have saved my breath. Jack was not listening. He seemed to be in a great state of excitement. His eyes were bright and dilated, his hands clenched and trembling. Suddenly, he found his speech.

"Good heavens, man, do realize what this means to me! It is just what I need—the time. See here—February the second—midnight—and the year 1740. Now I shall be able to carry out my theory—discover the whereabouts of the diamond perhaps! What's the date to-day? Check over that calendar—now let's see, January 26. Can I get all ready by a week's time? Dick, listen."

I was indeed listening; I began to see dimly now what Jack meant to do, and the knowledge made my knees tremble beneath me with the unconsciousness of the thought.

"In a week's time," Jack was saying, "I shall be able to complete my experiment, and maybe hear such things as no man thinks possible."

The following days were spent by Jack with his wireless; indeed, he was almost inseparable from it. I do not pretend to know much about the works of this wonderful invention, but I watched Jack, who spent most of his time over a strange-looking instrument attached partially to the aerial framework in the room and partially to the valves.

"It is my invention for locating sounds," Jack explained to me. "It should be capable of picking up any sound made in a fifty-foot radius at any period of time. Of course, the further back one goes, the fainter the sounds become, so the sound will have to be magnified enormously. This is done by means of those L.F. valves there on your right. You see, I have several of them. They are a thousand times more sensitive than the usual ones. Of course, if I used one of these valves for one of the ordinary evening concerts—or if I tuned in to America, even—the noise would be so deafening it would probably split your ear-drums altogether."

"You see these dials here," he went on. "They are prepared in something the same way as a gramophone record, and if my theory is correct, they are capable, when under the influence of electric currents, of registering the sound in sympathy to the current I shall pass through them. Thus provided, one can find the exact time a sound was made in the vicinity of fifty feet; with much calculation it may be possible to discover the vibratory results of that sound, and to generate one's electric current in accordance. This current will then enable the dials to register sounds made at that period, which are magnified and transmitted to the phones, and heard by our ears as if the sounds were taking place in the present."

"By Jove! You are clever," I exclaimed in admiration.

"Oh no, I do not think so. It is all a matter of science, and you must remember that my theory has not yet stood the test and probably never would have, if your sharp eyes hadn't discovered that insignificant-looking piece of paper in the cockpit. Yes, I have much to thank you for, old man."

It was rapidly drawing near to the second, and Jack seemed to be working day and night, now at his wireless and now with numerous calculations covering several pages.

At last, on the morning of the second, he said that all was prepared, and that he was quite ready to make his great experiment that night. I was concerned to see how tired and pale he was looking after all his hard work, and advised him to rest until the evening. But we were both in too much of a state of excitement to do anything so sensible.

At last evening came. We hurried over dinner, both too thrilled to eat much, and then made our way to the wireless room. Everything was prepared, but, as Jack pointed out, the fun couldn't begin till midnight.

"My special apparatus should be effective for about an hour. The sound-waves will grow faint by that time, and afterwards become indistinguishable. It has taken me, as you know, a week to perfect my apparatus for generating a current sufficient to produce sound made so many years ago."

(Continued on page 662.)

How Very Remarkable!

By Maurice Lane-Norcott

ILLUSTRATED BY
BERT THOMAS

WHEN one comes to consider wireless in a reverent, inquiring way—and anybody who has ever peeped into a wireless set can't help considering it in a reverent, inquiring way—how curious that there are carrier waves just as there are carrier pigeons!

And this is very remarkable, I think—while the former can carry a message much quicker than the latter, it, nevertheless, is unable to lay an egg and so can never become a mother. The laws of Nature are very inscrutable, really.

Ad in Vain.

Indeed the more you consider wireless, the more inscrutable seem Nature's laws. Take the little grid leak for example. What law of Nature does the little grid leak obey? It is impossible to say for certain. Over and over again I have studied the little grid leak at work, but it has been all in vain. I have never been able to discover what

it is that is the most interesting problem of all, as I see it. It can be invented in a moment. What is it that makes it so?

Usually, when a person sets out to invent something, it is at least half invented before he starts. This is very easily seen from the case of Mr. Onoto.

Mr. Onoto didn't invent pens. He merely improved on them, that is all. He turned them into fountain pens. He did this in a moment.

If there is one thing that irritates me beyond endurance, I expect Mr. Onoto exclaimed, "it is these confounded quills! A man spends half his life popping his pen into the ink! Really, it's sickening!"

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" agreed Mrs. Onoto. "I—I suppose you couldn't pop the ink into the pen for a change, could you? It shouldn't be very difficult really. After all, the thing's hollow."

The very next day Mr. Onoto patented his splendid invention. Or, maybe, it was Mr. Waterman, or Mr. Swan. Anyway, whoever it was, that is undoubtedly the manner in which the fountain

pen was invented. Wireless couldn't have been invented like that. It is out of the question to say that at least a Marconi could have said to his wife, "Oh, dear dear! I am bored to night. I think I'll invent wireless," because if he had said such a thing, he would have been replied at once, "Listen! Wireless!" Then Senatore Marconi would have had to explain something that he hadn't yet discovered. Naturally, this would have been impossible.

Then, how did Senatore Marconi come to invent wireless?

My own idea is that he first thought of it in his bathroom. In my opinion, he was lying back in his bath, wondering in rather a wistful way whether there was going to be delicious *fruits mûrs* for dinner or just the same old *carré* and a little shiver ran down his spine. The water was getting cold.

Naturally, no man likes to sit in a luke-warm bath and let shivers run down his spine. Instantly, Senatore Marconi looked about for the bell, meaning to tell them in the kitchen to get the *fruits mûrs*. There wasn't one. Senatore Marconi shouted. He shouted over and over again, but nobody took any notice. They think you are singing. Finally, utterly disgusted and chilled to the bone, he invented wireless. Necessity is always the mother of invention.

I don't suppose he invented it all at once, though, because wireless is too complicated for that. Very likely he made up just a little ohm first or, perhaps, a metre, and then gradually added to it as time went on.

How curious must the Marconi home have appeared in those early days. For inventors are always untidy men and leave their work all over the place!

How deeply puzzled visitors must have been to walk up the path and see a kilocycle leaning up against the porch, or to find a rheostat lying on the doorstep!

How it must have shocked them to sink gracefully on to the ottoman, only to find that they had sunk on to a high-frequency current or a strong current in parallel!

Little can these visitors have suspected that they



Usually, when a person sets out to invent something, it is at least half invented before he starts.

were seeing a listening set for the first time, for people were very ignorant in those days and hardly knew an atmospheric from an anti-cyclone.

Perfected at Last!

And then came the glad moment, I expect, when Senatore Marconi added the final glory to his great work. He got up in the dead of night and invented the little grid leak. For days and days after he had invented it, people went about the home vainly looking for the shuttle of the sewing machine, but they never, never found it, because Senatore Marconi had invented the little grid leak.

From time to time, however, they would tap on his study door and say wistfully: "I suppose you haven't seen the shuttle out of the sewing-machine, have you?" but he would only wave them impatiently away. He was far too busy to listen to such nonsense. He was standing in front of a microphone announcing gaily: "Senatore Marconi calling! Senatore Marconi calling! Senatore Marconi calling! 2xxx! 2xxx! 2xxx!"

And each time he said it he heard himself quite clearly on the headphones! He had perfected listening at last!

What a clever, useful man! I do hope he has a Happy Christmas.

WIRELESS WISDOM.

Of all sports with packs of hounds specially bred, trained and kept for the purpose of hunting their quarry by scent, bagging, with the sole exception of otter hunting, is the most genuine and probably the fairest to the quarry. The hares are wild hares and sought in their native haunts, which are as familiar to them as the immediate range of its back gardens is to a town cat.—Capt. L. O. B. Cameron.

In Humanity, mind, and especially forethought or reflection, combined in one effort with will and energy, enters into all acts, though often unsuspected, for it is a kind of reflex action or cerebration. Thus mechanical action of putting up a heavy weight from the ground to the shoulder and from the shoulder to the full reach of the arm above the head, became easier after a little practice, although my muscles had not grown, nor my strength increased. And I found there was always some trick or knack—however indescribable—by means of which the man with a brain could surpass a dolt at anything, though the latter were his equal in strength.—David Wray.

The idea of the White Glove is too good to be confined to the police officer and the road patrol. It should be worn by every car driver, bus driver, lorry driver and motor cyclist, for the benefit and safety of their fellow road users during the hours when light is fading or uncertain.—Stenson Cooke.



What a clever, useful man! I do hope he has a Happy Christmas!

Talks on Telescopes.

PROFESSOR H. H. TURNER, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Astronomy at Oxford University, who is to give four talks to all stations on January 11th and 25th, February 8th and March 22nd, has selected as his subject "Big Telescopes and What they Tell Us." Professor Turner was one of the general secretaries to the British Association between 1913 and 1922 and President of the Seismology Section of the International Geophysical Union at Rome in 1922. He has written several important books on Astronomy.

During the winter months, the study of the stars is particularly interesting, but even if members know nothing whatever about practical astronomy, Professor Turner's talks will prove well worth hearing.

"A Christmas Carol" at Plymouth.

AGAIN this year the Plymouth Station have arranged a special feature for the entertainment of the young listeners. Last Christmas, a dramatization of Charles Dickens's famous story, "A Christmas Carol," was broadcast, and owing to its popularity, this will again be done. The play will be performed in three staves and will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of Christmas week during the Children's Hour.

The carols will be rendered by Woodward's Ladies' Choir.

The play has been dramatized and produced specially for the microphone by Mr. Edwin Birch, who also gave his services last year and who will be taking the part of Scrooge again this year.

"And Then is Heard No More."

(Continued from page 600.)

While we waited, we listened to a wonderful concert taking place in America, and then, at my request, Jack switched on to the Savoy Band. The rollicking fox-trots sounded strongly out of place in our present surroundings, but it helped to calm us and put me in mind of the last time we had danced there, when—ah but that is another story! The last strains of my favourite waltz-tune were dying away, and the applause had just broken out, when Jack glanced at the clock ticking away on the wall.

"Now, old man," he said in a quiet voice, "prepare for the item of the evening. He proceeded to take down the collecting valves and plugged the very powerful L.F. ones he had shown me in their place; then he fixed up his apparatus, attached it to the indoor aerial and connected it with the discs lying alongside the tuner. Having adjusted the potentiometer and condenser, he switched off the electric light. Then he told me to place the 'phones over my ears, while he did the same with his, and wait. It was then ten minutes to twelve.

"In five minutes I shall start the electric current running through the discs," said Jack.

Five minutes dragged away in total darkness; then the five powerful valves lit up and I knew the electric current had been switched on. How can I describe my feelings? The big eerie room in darkness save for the dim glow of light made by the valves, which showed Jack's face pale and tense against the blackness of the room.

Two endless minutes dragged by in silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock. Somewhere outside an owl hooted, a chair creaked; three minutes. One more endless minute passed, and the clock began to strike the hour of twelve. All at once we heard footsteps, pattering very faintly down the passage. I held my breath, thinking we were about to be disturbed, but was checked by Jack's "Hush!" and I remembered that we had locked the door. The steps were very faint, but all at once the valves brightened, and the steps increased in sound.

It was then I realised that what we were hearing was not actually happening now, but was the sound of what had happened in the year 1746 on the second day of February, at midnight.

The knowledge was overwhelming. Indeed, what followed hardly seems in the limits of man's comprehension. The door was heard to open, but in reality it was securely locked, and the footsteps approached us where we sat.

I do not know what Jack's feelings were: for myself, I was so overcome by the experience that I forgot all the rest of the extraordinary occurrence.

When the footsteps had passed us and reached the mantelpiece they paused for an instant; then we heard tip-tap on the oak panels, and I'm sure I caught the sound of a suppressed sob. That was a woman who had entered the room I was certain. Suddenly it dawned on me. It must be Flora Macdonald searching for the secret hiding-place of the diamond.

At length we heard the panel slide back, and the sound of the coffer being removed. There was silence for a few seconds, save for the sound of our deep breathing, and—was it my imagination?—the short, quick breathing of a third and unseen person whose breath had for many years been still.

Then, as though a pen were being used on a sheet of paper with scissors, and the coffer was heard to shut. Presently we heard Flora's voice for the first time—a deep, sweet voice, but tense with emotion—and the words she spoke were those written on the yellow slip of paper.

"May God forgive me!"

Next we heard her cross over to the window—the sound of the window being gently opened—it was too realistic! I could almost feel the cold night air rush in as we heard the window being opened.

Then, very low, we heard her voice once again. "Charlie, 'tis safe. Come quickly. But! not a sound!"

Our excitement grew. This must surely be the Bonnie Prince! He must have come very quietly, on tip-toe, for we did not hear him till he was at the window. It became very difficult to catch any

sounds for a few seconds. They were apparently together at the window, speaking in whispers. Charlie, seemingly, was pleading to enter, and at length we gathered Flora was helping him. Once inside the room, their voices were easier to hear.

I can remember almost word for word the following. The Prince spoke first.

"Dear heart, I have only a short time to be with thee. Ruin's pursue me, I know not now if some may not be near, seeking after my life. Nay, do not look so affrighted, sweet, all shall come right. Thou knowest how perilous I am—that damned traitor Conrad has taken all my money. I have told thee he is a traitor, but the old man will not believe such a thing of any of his sons. So I come in secrecy to-night, for I know he is now in the castle. Pray give me the diamond."

We could not quite catch the first few words of her reply, but presently, in her voice—

"I have played very foul to get thee this. Thou knowest Conrad would have me wed him, and I, knowing he had discovered the hiding-place, persuaded him that I would even so do, on condition he would show me the diamond, and where it lay. . . . And so to-night I was able to creep in and steal it for thee. But, alas!"—and here her voice trailed away in a sob—"I have promised to marry him."

Then the voice of Charlie rose above the modulated whisper.

"Flora! This cannot be. Thou belongest to me. That vile brute shall never have thee—"

"Hut, Charlie! They will hear us."

Then he went on—

"Flora, if I have to leave Scotland for a while and flee back to France, I will take thee with me. I cannot live without thee, I'm moved. I will not let thee marry this villain."

And then, came the deep, sweet tones of Flora. "It is impossible that I can marry thee. Thou art a prince, and King of Scotland to come. Indeed, when thou art gone, I care not what becomes of me. My true love, I have found, and I will be true to him. I should have known that I should. . . . Two-and-fifty years ago, naught else would have persuaded me. Here is the diamond. Will it keep thee and pay thy troops till thou art King?"

Yes, indeed!

"Conscience makes sad cowards of us, Charlie. I could not rest until I had confessed my guilt and placed it in the coffer."

"That were a foolish act," said the Prince. "They will discover it, and we shall be undone."

"Ah, Charlie, my cowardice was such I dared not make my confession plain, but wrote it on yellow paper and cut it to fit the bottom of the coffer. See here, it all appears as though of wood. I am but a weak woman and felt sure that God would not forgive me unless I confessed. Oh, cannot forgive this weak and foolish girl?"

"With all my heart."

"Hush! Did I not hear footsteps?" she said.

"No, dear heart; 'tis but the creaking of a board. Tell me, where shall I put the diamond, if so be as I can ever return it? If my acrobats can trace the jewels I have lost, I may be able to return it soon, ere I leave dear Scotland. It would not be able to bring it here again."

"Listen. There is a cave by the shore, outside this castle. Leave it safely there on the rocky ledge at the back of it. It is never used, and, if hidden well, will not be found."

It was at this juncture that I became aware of footsteps very faintly creeping down the passage. Flora and the Prince seemed unaware of them. They must have been engrossed as only lovers can be. I longed to cry "Look out!" and was startled when I actually did hear someone say "Be careful!" It was Jack—so taken away with what we were hearing, he could not control his desire to warn the young couple.

The steps ceased outside the door, but the murmuring voices continued. Suddenly we heard the door burst open, and the voices ceased.

The dramatic pause which followed seemed endless. My imagination pictured a startled Flora

with the Prince's protective arm around her, while some enemy perhaps, husky and aggressive, stood on the threshold enjoying his moment of triumph, having caught his prey. A deep bass voice resounded which vibrated in my ears, sacred and menacing.

"Good even. Ah, Flora. I see thou art entering the Prince in our castle. Is this not, your most excellent husband? Ah! and I see she has been showing thee our family diamond as interesting relic, to be sure. Your Royal Highness, I would not you to congratulate us, as, though doubtless she has already informed thee, Flora has shown me the honour of promising to be my bride."

"Ah, Conrad, have mercy! Do not taunt us."

"This is an agonised wail from the girl."

"You damned, double-faced traitor, how dare you!"

"Ah! be careful, dear!"

Unmistakably we heard swords being drawn.

We were all ears to know what followed when the sounds began to grow fainter, and I noticed the valves were growing dim.

"Dash it! The flatulent accumulator has given out!" whispered Jack. "It may last a few minutes longer."

The sound of a glissade fight was in progress. We heard the clash of swords, moving steps and ejaculations, when suddenly there was a groan, I could have sworn just behind my chair, followed by a dull thud.

I turned quickly, expecting to see, I know not what, but there was nothing. Then, as if a voice spoke beside me, very faintly, almost in a whisper it sounded.

"He is dead: one less vermin on God's earth. I recognised with relief the voice to be that of Prince Charlie."

"Quick, dearest! escape. I hear more footsteps and voices."

There was a rush to the window. All was still for a few seconds, when for the third time we heard the door open, but the sounds were becoming faint now, we had to strain our ears to listen.

Several people seemed to enter. There was chaos, shouts and moans, but all was becoming blurred.

There was only a very faint glimmer from the valves, and the voices at last became mere murmurs, jerky and indistinguishable, as one by one the ten valves faded out, and with them the voices of the dead.

As if the scene was ended, one Act from the many centuries of life which had passed, the curtain of night descended, and we were left sitting in dark silence.

All was still and silent once more. The clock chimed one, and then ticked on. The players had had their "hour upon the stage," but they had for ever left their voices imprinted upon eternity, and so they live for ever.

Extract from daily newspaper—

RECOVERY OF MACGILLIAN DIAMOND.

"How the lost diamond has been discovered was yesterday related to me by Sir John Macgillian. It appears that the previous night he and a friend had been experimenting with a wireless set with which they proposed to hear voices and sounds taking place over a century and a half ago."

"That they actually did claim to hear them seems rather an incredible thing, but Sir John Macgillian holds to his word, and he is a man of high standing. He said that the night was something which took place in the year 1746. At all events, whether this was so, or whether by an inspired dream, or hallucination, he dreamt of the diamond's whereabouts, it is impossible to say. But he and his friend, Mr. Dick Rotherway, as a result, made a thorough search of an old disused cave about a mile from the castle. After two days' search, they discovered the diamond, a magnificent stone worth at least ten thousand, hidden securely away in a tiny crevice on a rocky ledge."

We heartily congratulate Sir John on his discovery. The jewel, until its disappearance in the eighteenth century, had not been outside the Fordling Castle for hundreds of years.

"Also, at the same time, it may be possible that Sir John has made a great discovery—the secret of hearing sounds made many centuries ago. At all events, two of our leading wireless experts have hurried to Fordling Castle to make investigations, and we shall be interested to hear their opinions on the matter."

The Great Wonder

By JOHN OXENHAM



And then, on every television dial, there appeared The Face

IN 1935, listening and television had become personally universal. Sets for two purposes—giving an idea from a V.P. Kodak to anything close to it, and entirely self-contained and independent of aerial—were as common as a part of one's equipment as one's watch. And one could listen and watch anywhere, even when travelling.

I had been passing through black and white with a stonily smiling face, indeed, with my feet, but with a heart full of carefully-stuffed forebodings. For if the past and the present were dark, the future seemed to hold no hope of betterment. Life, indeed, seemed slipping headlong towards the abyss. The Powers of Evil were active and triumphant, leading the dance with merry laugh and overflowing bowl. The open-eyed and anxious felt themselves powerless to cope with the universality of the downward trend. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was the feeling of the many and in their hopelessness they were deaf and blind to the warnings of the few.

And yet, deep down in moist hearts, and carefully concealed even from themselves, there was a dull, aching desire for something more—a hunger and thirst for something which they dimly felt might yield them truer satisfaction than so far had been theirs.

The world, in fact, was growing sick of itself. It was ripe, ripe almost to rottenness, for any change that held out prospect of a happier state.

On Christmas Eve, 1935, the Broadcasting Corporation, with a keen eye to the trend of popular feeling, included in its programme a number of carols, old and new, to be sung by a mighty massed choir in London and thence S.B. to all parts of the world.

The old favourites had been given—"Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning"—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"—"Christians, Awake!"—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"—and the last words and notes of the "Adeste Fideles"—"O Come Let Us Adore Him—Christ the Lord," were still throbbing in the ears and plucking at the heart strings of the eager folk when the West minister Chimes rang out and Big Ben boomed midnight—slowly, slowly, as though loth to loose his hold on time—hedgefully, as though he knew that never again would he sound midnight, 1935.

There was one other item on the programme, as an appropriate conclusion—the singing of the Doxology by the choir, and all listeners were invited to stand and join in it—an invitation at which many openly scoffed.

The listeners waited, and watched to see the choir flutter up and prepare to sing.

But no sound came and the television dials remained blank.

And then came that Great Wonder which none who witnessed it ever forgot.

First, a sound—a sound such as mortal ears had never heard before.

In recalling it afterwards, some said it was like

thunder, some said it was like the deep diapason roar of Niagara and the Vesper hymn in a vast ten thousand fold. And some said it was like the concentrated rush of all the winds that ever blew. And some, with heightened imaginations, said it was like the sound of myriads and myriads of angels' wings. And afterwards, some said it was the voice of God.

But, as they waited spellbound, amazedly wondering, the mysterious, overwhelming sound resolved itself into the sound of music, the sound of many voices, of voices innumerable in number, and of a quality, of a richness and volume, never yet reached to human throats and lungs.

And then, on every television dial, there appeared a face—THE FACE;—more wonderful and beautiful than any face ever beheld by any human eyes, and conceived by any human mind.

No one could ever describe it, for no two saw it alike. To every separate person it appeared as infinitely more wonderful and beautiful than the most wonderful and beautiful face he or she had ever imagined.

But on the point all agreed—and that was on the thrilling wonder of the eyes. Tender, and glowing, gracious and appealing, faithful and strong and true, they looked straight out of the television dial into the heart, and through and through the heart, of every watcher.

(Continued overleaf at column 3.)

Listeners We All Know.

Aunt Lavinia Tries Her Hand. By F. Morton Howard.

FOR some minutes, Aunt Lavinia, alone in the drawing-room, has been studying the published programmes of the wireless entertainments for that evening. Just a gentle, quiet old maid is Aunt Lavinia, with grey hair and little lace cuffs and the fragrance of lavender.

"Oh, I should like to hear that!" she murmurs, presently. "It—it used to be her favourite. And I haven't heard it played since—since—"

She falters to a stop and sits staring at the fire. The clock on the mantelshelf strikes.

"It'll be another half-hour before they play it," she tells herself. "I wonder if Jimmy would get the 'wireless' tuned-in for it, ready for me?"

She rises and goes to the door.

"Jimmy!" she calls, and then, a little louder, "Jimmy!" and, finally, on a wooing, persuasive note, "Jimmy, dear!" but there is no response.

"He must be out of the house," she decides. "Oh dear! and none of the others of the family is in," she sighs ruefully. "However shall I get tuned-in? I wonder if—"

And, looking almost alarmed at her own daring, she glances round at the wireless set in the corner. "I wonder if I could," she whispers.

She hesitates. Then, on tip-toe, she goes towards the set and, standing at a respectful distance from it, peers rather mistrustfully at it.

"It—it looks very complicated," she murmurs, apprehensively.

She bends forward and in a wary, mistrustful way lays a finger on the headphones.

"I—I hope I shan't get a shock, or anything!" she breathes, and waits a few seconds with her finger on the 'phones to see if indeed any untoward thing befall her. Relief and gratification deepen on her face as she realizes that, despite her daring, she is still unharmed.

"Perhaps I'd better ask cook first, before I take any further risks," she decides. "Cook is

such a wonderful woman, in many ways. So dependable. I daresay she knows all about wireless."

But cook, interrogated, stoutly refuses to confess to any knowledge of the working of wireless. Indeed, cook is manifestly inclined to be inimical towards radio. More than once she refers to it, with something of lofty scorn, as "one of them new-fangled ideas." It is clear that cook has no sympathy with the sciences.

Aunt Lavinia, perturbed and even a trifle awed by cook's experience, sits down again in her chair.

"That's right, miss. You leave well alone, counsellor cook. If Master Jimmy comes back in time and starts it working for you, well and good. But you start stirring up that thing for yourself and goodness knows what might happen!"

Cook departs again to her lair, leaving Aunt Lavinia subdued and disheartened. There is a long silence in the drawing-room. Then—

"All the same," says Aunt Lavinia, plucking up courage once more, "I should like to hear it."

A sudden reckless bravery seems to come over her. She stands up, and though her hands tremble, she looks very determined.

"I must hear it!" she declares.

As though giving herself no opportunity to draw back from the venturesome course to which she has

committed herself, Aunt Lavinia positively flits across to the instrument and slips the headphones about her ears.

"So far, so good!" she heartens herself. "I wonder what I have to do next!"

She peers dubiously, blankly, down at the knobs and switches and handles before her.

"I—I'll try this one," she resolves.

She stretches forth her hand, closes her eyes tightly, and brings over a switch. Nothing happens.

"I—I can't hear anything," she murmurs. "Oh, of course, yes, I have to turn one of those knobs now," she instructs herself, with quite a bright, expert air. "How stupid of me to forget!"

She selects the nearest knob and turns it to and fro, slowly at first, and then swiftly, with something of impatience.

"I'm sure Jimmy always starts like that," she smarts. "But perhaps if I moved this little lever here—"

She does so, and, to her lively satisfaction, a valve gleams dimly.

But still she can hear nothing. She glances at the clock and is moved to further desperate experiment. Before long she has turned every knob and brought over every switch, but still the 'phones

are silent. Immunity from personal harm and the inexorable encroachment of time conspire to render her absolutely reckless. She contrives permutations and combinations of knobs and switches.

But still she can hear nothing.

"I—I must have broken it!" she gasps.

"Oh, what will Jimmy say! I wish I hadn't interfered with it now. Oh, I do wish I hadn't!"

In something of guilty panic she turns away from the instrument. Boyish footsteps approach the door and Aunt Lavinia looks about her in a kind of wild, guilty confusion.

"Oh, Jimmy, I do hope you'll forgive me!"

she exclaims, as the lad enters the room. "I—I'm afraid I've broken your wireless."

In quick concern he crosses to the set.

"I—I was just trying to tune-in," she explains.

"And—here's half a crown, Jimmy. If what I've broken comes to more than that, I'll make it right with you."

"Oh, I think I can manage to put it right again, Aunt Lavinia," he says; but, in view of the half-crown, decides not to sound too confident.

"Three—there was something I wanted to hear," she explains, and shows him an item printed in the programme. "I—I did so want to hear that."

"There you are, Aunt Lavinia," he announces at last. "I think it's all right now. Yes, it is. And I've tuned-in for what you wanted."

He hands her the 'phones and goes out.

"Mightn't have thought it was worth half a crown if I'd told her it was only because she hadn't connected up with the aerial," he murmurs, as he closes the door.

Aunt Lavinia waits a moment and then takes up the 'phones.

"Now!" she whispers, gently, and with a far-away look in her eyes, stands awaiting the promised melody.

(We shall shortly publish another story in this series.)



"It looks very complicated," she murmurs, apprehensively.

The Great Wonder.

(Continued from the previous page.)

And no man ever forgot that look to his dying day. For there was above all, in those wonderful eyes, depths of knowledge and understanding, not only of the vast ultimate things of Life and Death of the whole Alpha and Omega of existence, but also, and more appealingly because more intimately a perfect personal and loving understanding of the complexities and troubles of each man's soul.

Then The Face grew dimmer and dimmer till it disappeared, though to millions it seemed still present, and ever afterwards they saw it dimly on their television dials, no matter what else might be there.

But now, as they still watched breathlessly, the singing of the invisible choirs grew louder and till more rapturous, and upon the dials appeared, a quick succession, a series of most wonderful views of The Life once lived on earth.

As they watched, with straining eyes and bated breaths, they knew—they knew without a doubt—that in some most marvellous fashion, Time and Space had been effaced and they were seeing the past alive again—that with their own eyes they were watching the most wonderful and heroic adventure of all time. They could almost hear Him speaking as He walked among His people.

At times, the heavenly music swelled triumphantly till the hearts of the hearers were like to burst with the wonder and the glory of it.

But at last it dimmed at the horror and suffering of the journey to Golgotha. And then it ceased. And in a silence that was terrific and awe inspiring, and gripped the heart like an icy hand, the world and the universe gazed once more on Calvary and The Cross. It was as though Life itself stood still, awe-stricken at that unimaginable sight—the Creator crucified by His own creatures.

Then a blackness tilted the dials—a black blackness akin to the terrifying silence; and every one watched and waited in stricken wonder. And out of the silence and the darkness came a voice—Abba, Father.

and presently it is brightest, and a cry that rent the heavens.

And then, after another interval of black silence, the heavenly voice burst again on a song of triumph which seemed to fill the heavens. And on the dials The Risen Christ appeared—The Conqueror—The Comforter, and walked among His friends again.

And then on the dials appeared once more The Face, with its eloquent appealing eyes, calling irresistibly to each man's soul. And every man, no matter what his race or language, understood their message, for in the Spirit all speech is one. And that message in its ultimacy to each one was—"Come! You are Mine and very dear to Me. I have bought you with this price, and I want you—you!—you!—you! Come!"

Very few folks on earth slept that night. Nor did they talk—those who had seen and heard.

Life was on a different plane next day—and thereafter.

At first, men looked at one another shyly and wondered. But it was too astounding a matter to be kept to oneself.

"Did . . . you see—it?" one would at last ask another.

"Yes, we all saw it. Amazing, wasn't it? How do you suppose it was done?"

"God knows! It was very wonderful . . . and . . . er—very startling—uplifting, you know. It made one think."

And when, through the evening papers, which came out that day at 9 a.m., it became known all the world over, that some startling commencing of the Wireless by the Higher Powers for that particular purpose, had taken place, men did indeed begin to think along lines that were startlingly new to them.

For in every land, precisely on the stroke of midnight, that great wonder had been seen and heard. And every man had heard the call in his own tongue, and none could forget it.

His Daughter's Voice

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS REUNION

By F. R. Buckley

fectively into my face. It was now that I first got an inkling of that thing mas a depth. His eyes as if in seem to have my back—them—if you know what I mean. I can't say I had any suspicion of his end of his schemes, but I did know, from then on, that there was more in his dealings with "barberry than met the eye—and that there was able to be more still!"

if I start something," he said slowly. "at the meeting, will you guarantee that the decent people will back the idea?"

"I am not an under-estimator of the power of the press," says I, "and most of them are eminent people, but I wouldn't be surprised. But let me have something sound in mind, though. Cherry is chairman of every committee in sight, and the other dis-

The young man got up. "I've something in mind, all right," says he.

I did, for a fleeting moment, now suspect that all this—his stirring up of Carberry in the first place; his going away, leaving Carberry loose, his coming back in time to get the leadership of all us infuriated members—was part of his plans, but I dismissed the idea as ridiculous.

He seemed so young and so innocent. Ha-ha!
That is a laugh at my own simplicity, my dear—
not a death rattle.

Put it in the manuscript.

Ali right?

Then that's Chapter One.

100

Well, in the course of a long experience I have seen and performed a few tricks of parliamentary law juggling myself; but Mr. Van Aken, in his twenty-fourth year, was far beyond anything I ever dreamed of.

He sat in the annual assembly, combing his hair with his fingers and yawning occasionally, until the Sorceland Circle had fired off all its personal inquiries; and then he arose, like a rattlesnake coming from under a dead log, and moved that a radio

(Continued opposite in column 3)

I MAY BE _____ years of age, and pretty
 " very paralyzed, I may be almost paral-
 " yzed and I lie most sitting in an armchair.
 " [I am not deaf (except when I wish to be,
 " Henry & Arthur get our antea-
 " story of it is a pretty tale
 " far body whose doctor will let
 " at let in
 " own, my dear?

"I always raised like his
I was a real or.
I was terribly tired with his
I horribly burning with is eternal
Then something tube; but, the you get
I had probably the use would
I know it from
The main point is, however,
or here) me, concerning all
his efforts with lines upon Henry Turberry
After all the stupid rules Henry had succeeded

A tournament upon him: in fact, Alwyn Jenkins,
 who had been robbed of his afternoon nap in the
 kitchen was so grateful that he offered to
 be a part of the tournament himself.

It was now that the young man spring the first bomb upon us. He refused Allynus' money; and Jim Hawkes' money, and he refused my money, though goodness knows, I had a more than I know what to do with. It seemed that he wanted Henry Garberry's cash in his company, and nobody else's, and while we were sitting at the table he looked fastidiously at the

—apparently an older and a less enthusiastic man. I was told to him, and said I was sorry to

on my forehead, and trying to look at me like one

In the first place, Lucretia is a wide in his eye and in the second place, if is had really be so respectable and world weary, he would have know his own mind.

Full stop

When I told him "since you've been away from me - you know he disappeared with me a few years back and he's still out there?" Yes. So they're all still alive? Absolutely and what if we could go back and see what he was like - so... Well, yes - I would love to see him. But they're running the place

"Yes, of course, oh?" says young Van Allen, pulling his hair back again with his fingers.

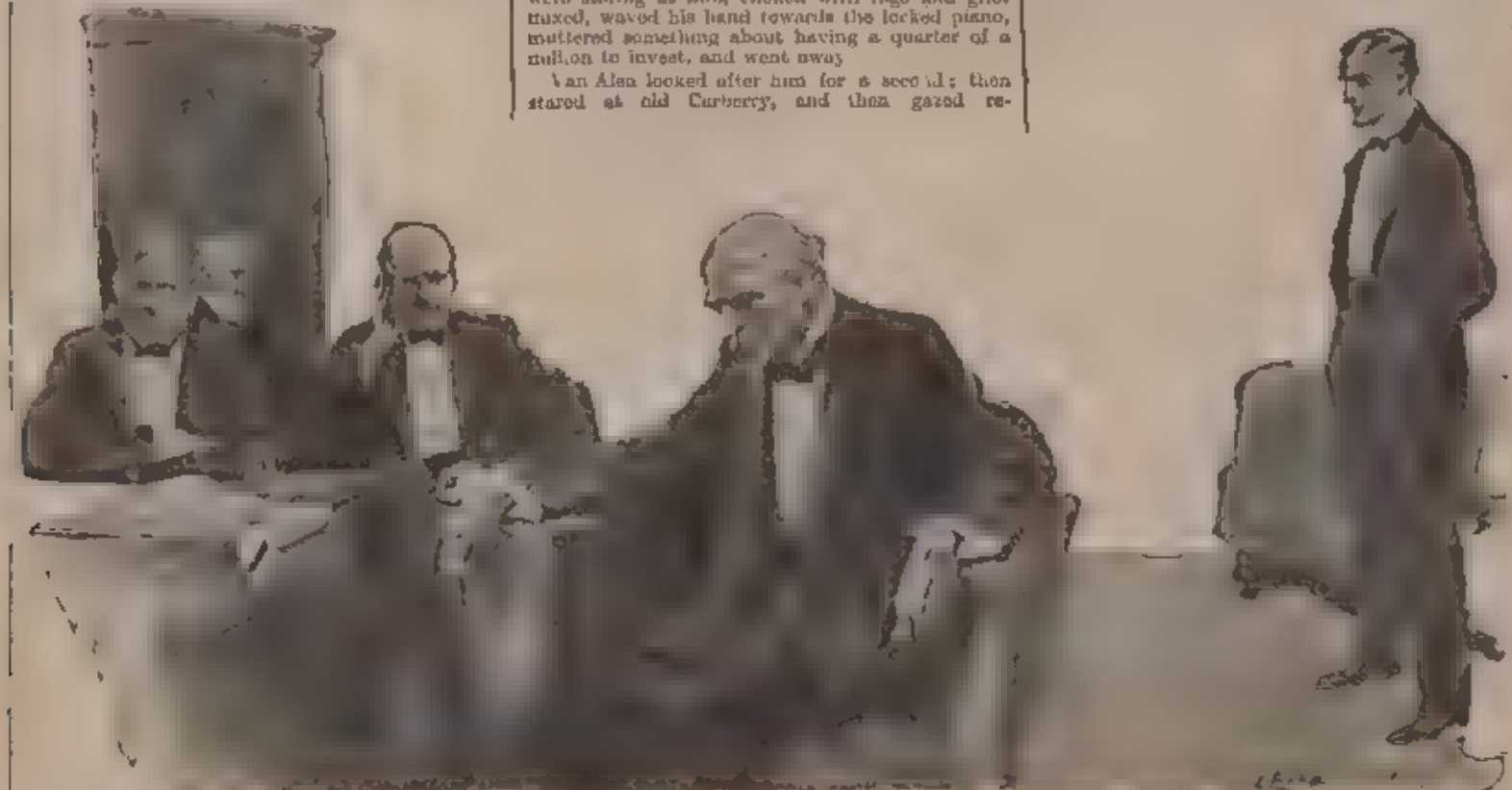
[illegible]

At this moment, Arthur James, who used to be my partner—my name being Meeks—came by and added his plea.

"Every day for forty years," he said, pathetically, "I have played a hymn on the piano with one finger, at three o'clock p.m. Now——"

He tried to explain himself more fully, perceived that Carberry and all the other distributors were staring at him, choked with rage and grief, waved his hand towards the locked piano, muttered something about having a quarter of a million to invest, and went away.

Van Allen looked after him for a second; then stared at old Carberry, and then gazed re-



"At the word 'Daddy' he sort of gave a choke and a gasp and sat there as if he'd been worse martyred than myself."

His Daughter's Voice.

(Continued from facing page.)

of an hour, after it was over, sending page boys in search of Van Alen—wishing to offer him a five thousand a year job handling the board meetings of my various companies; but he was not in the Club.

I didn't see him again, until I was wheeled into the study next afternoon at my usual time, and perceived him, in a pair of overalls and a high condition of perspiration, in the act of repairing an object like a large folding lamp, which he was putting up during the night in one corner of the study.

"What price this?" he demanded, brandishing a screwdriver as I motioned my attendant to wheel me over.

A hundred and fifty pounds. I mean," says he, "did you imagine a Gothic cabinet like this, for the price? Look at all the angels and things on it! I've cut my profit down to forty per cent. on this job, just to do the club a favour. See that cherub with the cocked eye? I'm going to have a wood carver come up and put a bunch of thunderbolts in his left hand, and he'll be a symbol for the Spirit of Wireless Telegraphy."

There were, indeed, a great many wooden figures on the cabinet; all flying around in an energetic manner which made me feel slightly

"Is it in working order yet?" I asked, closing my eyes.

Instantaneously, it seemed, some enormous and ill-mannered giant came and roared into my ear the following words:

"—and I assure you that while meadow Master means best of faith, he is not to be trusted with a halfpenny the Saxophone Fools, W.J.A. speaking part of a pound."

Thinking that I was about to have a second stroke then and there, Mr. Van Alen turned the machine off.

"That's my own patented DX tube, in that," he confessed—or rather boasted. "Now, you are free from preconceived notions; with me there is no dear of pickles, and for the first thirty seconds in the last thirty seconds you think it's wonderful!"

It has accomplished its purpose, says I, alluding to its having made me sit bolt upright upon the machine for the first thirty seconds in the last thirty seconds.

"It will accomplish more," says Mr. Van Alen, with a menacing look which I somehow connected with Henry Carberry—he had just come in. "It—"

Combining his hair out of his eyes, and absently taking a girl's picture out of his overalls pocket and putting it in his shirt, he looked at me as though wondering whether or not to go on.

"Just you wait until Christmas Day," said he, and with those ambiguous words, walked out.

I sat there for a while, he running a few miles later, and accidentally touching something that made it blow a trumpet in his left ear, and

never mind about the bar of the level of the air.

I know I said this was going to be a Christmas story. Of course I do. Who should know better? Who's dictating this narrative, anyhow? Very well then.

Edith stops.

Naturally, after Van Alen's remark that Christmas Day would see something unpleasant happening to Mr. Henry Carberry and Co., I sent the dozen or so persons to whom I imparted the information, could hardly wait for the days to pass—not that our impatience made any noticeable difference in their speed.

During the intervening period, Van Alen and his radio together carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare against the sorcerers—although, for instance, Carberry interrupted the story by amassing six vacuum tubes, only to find that they cost ten pounds each to replace—they were Van Alen's patent, at present made by hand in the absence of special machinery, and, consequently, expensive. Having paid the sixty pounds, he learned that exactly fifty per cent. of this amount would go direct into Van Alen's pocket, as royalties; and immediately conceived the beginnings of a respect for the young man. Not that he

(Continued overleaf)

Aunt Emmelina's Christmas.



It was much more enjoyable to keep silent at Brown's party this year while Aunt Emmelina listened—



—than last year when everyone had to keep silent while she sang.

BIRD STUDY FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.

PROFESSOR CHARLES I. PATTEN, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., who will give a number of fortnightly talks S.B. from Sheffield, beginning on January 6th, on the "Triumphs of Bird Life," has for the past twelve years made it a practice to spend several months during the migratory season on a lighthouse off the Irish coast, and in this way he has obtained many valuable results from his researches. The Professor has discovered several birds hitherto unknown in Ireland, and has paid much attention to problems regarding trans-Atlantic migration. He has recently published a work on evolutionary psychology, entitled "The Passing of the Phantoms."

YOUR BOY AND HIS JOB.

Dr. C. S. MYERS, C.B.E., F.R.S., M.A., Sc.D., Director of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, is arranging a series of discussions on psychology as applied to modern history. Dr. Myers will deal with such questions as "Is the Human Body a Machine?" "Is Intelligence Measurable?" and "What is the Right Job for My Boy?"

These discussions will be broadcast to all stations from London.

At a time when so many listeners are taking a keen interest in problems of the day, these discussions should prove of great interest—especially the last mentioned.

His Daughter's Voice.

(Continued from previous page.)

ked him any the better for this. On the contrary Proverbs to the contrary notwithstanding, the more one respects an enemy, the worse one automatically hates him—in self-defence.

Full stop. Paragraph.

Better watch your radio machine," says I to Van Alen, on December 20th. Carberry and those two friends of his who got fined for turning it off, are in such a state of mind it's liable to be found broken up some dead of night.

"Just what I've thought myself. That's why I've hired a page-boy to sleep in the lounge beside it, every night until Christmas.

His eyes met mine as he said this, and once more I was astounded at the entire impossibility of seeing into his soul through them. Mentally, I raised my offer for his services by many pounds a year; but I said nothing about it.

"You seem particularly keen on having the set in working order on Christmas Day," I remarked.

"I am," says he, unemotionally.

"Which is the more popular," says I, "since you well know there will be nobody in the Club except seven crabs and a few old cripples."

"Who are the other cripples?" asks Van Alen, smiling at me as he evaded the explanation.

"They will gather together," says I vaguely. "If there is anything to be seen."

He surveyed me for another ten seconds.

"Well, you can issue invitations if you like," says he; and with that, and another stride, stalked out of the smoking room.

Acting on this permission, I booked Arthur James, Saunders Massingtree, Bill Light, and two others, for Christmas dinner at the Club—to be followed by a messuage of some kind, and in due course—on Christmas evening, that is, with a blinding snowstorm swirling around outside the windows—we gastronomically did ourselves well. As to the messuage—well, at first we thought that was going to be a complete failure. Discussing what form it was likely to take; drinking a few healths, and so on and so on, kept us rather long at the table; and we entered the smoking-room to find the Sorehead Circle occupying all the best chairs around the fire.

Furthermore, far from being massacred, they were apparently in finer fettle than usual. Their growls were quite intelligible for once. I was at least ten yards from the hearthrug; yet I could distinctly hear old Elias Woffington narrating how he once showed his son the door for getting intoxicated.

"I said 'You have disgraced me,'" says old Elias. "'You are my only son, but never let me look upon your face again!' And—he never hes. I expect he knows better!"

"I expect so!" says Mark Swayer in a savage manner, from the other side of Henry Carberry. "I expect my son knows better, too!"

We other old men on the other side of the room looked at each other and winked.

"Fierce, to-night, aren't they?" says Arthur James, who has never had any children.

"They're afraid not to be," says Saunders Massingtree, who has been blessed with six children, and raised all of them. "They know well that Christmas time 'll get them, if they don't take care. They're shoutin' to drown the noise of the church bells."

It was at this exact moment that young Mr. Van Alen walked into the room, strolled over to the radio machine, twiddled a few dials, and started it going. There was nothing on the air—to use a technical expression—at that moment, apparently; but that made no difference to the Sorehead Circle. As one man, though, led by Henry Carberry, they arose and demanded that the machine be disconnected.

"You gentlemen in favour?" Van Alen asked of us—all.

"Let her rip!" says Arthur James.

There were seven of the sociolined. There were seven of us; and Van Alen himself made eight.

"Once more, you're voted down," says young Van Alen to Carberry. "Better accept the inevitable. It'll only be a few carols anyhow."

"Hang your carols!" shouts Carberry.

Van Alen didn't bud.

"I shall be over there on the lounge if you need me," he remarked coolly.

Henry Carberry gasped.

"I need you?" he shouted finally. "I need you!"

"I said 'I'!" Van Alen told him. "It's—me!"

As he started to walk over to the lounge aforesaid, some hoarse-voiced person said something, and in another instant, off went about a hundred voices into "Good King Wenceslas." There wasn't any static in the air that night, or what ever it is; the voices were wonderful, and—well, me, I remembered hearing that carol coming out of a little country church once; when I was out riding in the old days, with a girl's picture in my left-hand breast pocket like Van Alen now had; and for some minutes, I kind of didn't pay any attention to the Sorehead Circle. Some cigar smoke had got into my eye, anyhow, so that I couldn't see very well for the watering.

But when Arthur James had given the second go at his handkerchief, and the choir had stopped singing, I looked across at them; and they were still doing business at the old stand, as usual, and as mean as ever; the whole seven—no, six of them; Elias Woffington appeared to have left during the singing; probably too mad to sit still, I then thought—though I have since changed my opinion.

However, the survivors were making up for him. While the radio was silent, Mark Swayer started out in a loud voice, boasting about the way he hadn't stood any nonsense from his son, twenty years before, and he continued to yarn after "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" had started—dodging the line by kind of whispering, while all the others bent their sore heads towards him.

There was a disgusting spectacle, if you like! I wasn't in the least surprised when old Monroe Barrett suddenly got up and left. I thought he must have been overcome by sickness—though I've since changed my opinion about that, too.

And then there were five," says Saunders Massingtree through his cigar. "And four of 'em very shaky. If you ask me!"

Henry Carberry, having made a vain grab at the tails of Monroe Barrett's coat, was now surveying his circle of companions, and apparently he agreed with Massingtree's estimate of their condition.

"You remind me," he suddenly said to them, "of my own experience with an undutiful child. Strangely enough, it happened about this time of year. She wanted to go on the stage—"

His voice had sounded very clear and loud in the silent room—louder than he realized, I think, but now it was drowned by two voices of the giant in the radio machine.

"This is W. X. Z. speaking," says the giant. "Our next item will be a soprano solo—'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,' by Miss Regina Blake. This is W. X. Z., broadcasting the Christmas service of the Cathedral, Miss Blake."

"—came to me on Christmas Day," says old Henry Carberry, risking the loss of five pounds in fines, "and asked for my permission as a Christmas present. 'I know I can do great things,' she said, and I'd use a stage name, and—"

A piano started playing in the radio machine, started, and then stopped again. I distinctly heard a girl's voice ask it to. The girl's voice was also in the radio machine.

Just a second, it said; and then it said "Daddy!"

Well, I don't know what Henry Carberry had been just about to say, but, anyhow, he never said it, although he'd got his fist up in the air, ready to give himself an emphatic wallop on the knee. At the word "Daddy!" he sort of gave a choke and a gasp, and sat there as if he'd been worse paralyzed than myself.

"This is for you, Daddy," says the girl's voice, and then the organ and the soprano started off

together. Great Scott, but that girl could sing! I haven't felt anything in any of my limbs for many a year, but I swear I thrilled all over. Arthur James actually started to sob and swear at the same time; and as for old Henry Carberry, sitting there with his fist still in the air—

"Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Twice on earth, and many mild
God and stars are hallowed."

Old Carberry had several attempts at gulping something down in his throat, and then, suddenly as the next line started, he kind of woke up, got his feet, and stood looking round him as if dazed. All his chums rose with him, and I was rather astonished to notice that no less than three of them were weeping—real, wet tears, just like those great fools—Arthur James, Saunders Massingtree, Hal Light, and—myself.

For a few seconds Carberry said nothing, and then in a faint, wobbly voice, he called out:—

"Van Alen!"

"Here!" says the radio engineer, from the lounge.

Carberry turned and stared at him. For a moment the sight of his enemy seemed to stiffen the old man, but only for a moment.

"That's my daughter singing!" he shouted, suddenly. "You young rogue, where is she? Where's my little girl?"

Now Van Alen got up.

"She's at the Cathedral," he remarked as the music came to an end. "She's staying at the Blackstone—until the day after to-morrow."

"When's there a train?" cries old Carberry, piteously. "I—I—I must—"

"There's one in fifteen minutes," says Van Alen. "Wilson! Here's the butter with your hat on, coat, sir, there's a taxi waiting for you at the door and—you have my best wishes. Good night! Wait a minute. Your collar's all rucked up. There! Pleasant trip!"

We all sat amazed for a few seconds after Carberry had bolted down the stairs, and then I ordered Arthur James to wheel me over to where Van Alen was still standing, with an expression on his face as though somebody had left him a huge fortune tax free.

It was some time before he could collect his thoughts enough to focus them.

"Is this the end of your campaign?" I asked, greatly when this had been done.

Yes," says young Van Alen.

"Do you consider that this," says I, "violating the doorway by which Carberry had gone—any way to punish an old sorehead—giving him his daughter back?"

Van Alen blinked at me.

"Punish him?" he demanded. "Me—punish him? I wasn't punishing him. That wasn't the idea at all."

"Well, then, would you mind telling me," I asked, severely, as the rest of the old ragers gathered around me, "what the idea of all this business has been? We all have been spending our time and money co-operating with you, under the impression that—"

"For the last two years, you see," says Van Alen, smiling. "I've been engaged to Miss Carberry. She sings under the name of Blake."

We stared at him.

"She wouldn't marry without her father's consent," says the young man, apologetically, "and so it seemed up to me, since I was a member of this club, to—"

We know the rest," says Arthur James. "In fact, we did the rest."

"Thank you!" says Van Alen.

"Don't mention it!" says I.

And then, after trying in vain to look indignant at the blushing young fathead, we all started to laugh and to say "Merry Christmas!"—all of us, including the remaining soreheads; and I did offer the cunning young devil that job I'd had in mind—which he refused, and no wonder; and that's a recollection of that sorry little affair, and if you look through your notebook carefully when you get home, I wouldn't be surprised if you found a ten-potund note somewhere in it.

Happy New Year!

The Children's Corner.

Fairy Wireless. By Mrs. W. L. George.



Out of the case she took spectacles.

DIANA lay in bed feeling very sad. She was sad because she had a cold, and because of that she had not been allowed to go to the pantomime that afternoon, to see "Old Mother Goose." Her mother had promised she should go next week, but next week Dick, her big brother, would have to go alone. As she thought of this, big tears gathered, and began to fall faster and faster down her cheeks.

"Oh, dear, I knew it would rain if I didn't bring my umbrella!" she said to herself.

Down she lay in bed, and there she lay, all dressed in green, looking very worried.

"Please, it's only me, I was crying," said Diana. "It's because I can't go to the pantomime," she added sadly.

"Well, if you must cry, I wish you wouldn't spoil my new frock," said the fairy, quite crossly. "And just when I've come to cheer you up!"

"Oh, I won't cry any more, and do tell me where you come from," begged Diana.

"I've come from the Fairy Queen," replied the fairy. "We were all so sorry because you couldn't come to the pantomime, that the Fairy Queen thought you ought to be able to listen on the wireless to our pantomime."

With these words, the Fairy whipped open a little box she was carrying and took out of it a convoluted tube.

"This is the loud speaker," she explained as she fixed it to the wireless, inside the box, and stood it at the end of the bed.

Out of the case she took two pairs of spectacles, and put one pair on Diana's nose and the other she put on herself.

"Of course, we think human wireless very silly," explained the fairy, "because you can only listen and not see, but with fairy wireless you can see as well as hear, if you wear these spectacles."

Diana was almost too thrilled to speak, and she said:

"I don't like to be impatient," said the fairy, crossly, but she pressed a button in the box, and a voice said: "Hello, everybody! Wireless speaking. All got your specs on? Well then, the orchestra is going to play and the curtain is going up for a children's pantomime 'The Sleeping Beauty.'"

Diana squeezed the Fairy's hand tight, hardly daring to breathe.

"Shut your eyes, count three and open them," said the fairy. "One, two, three!"

Diana opened her eyes wide, and there she was in the Fairy theatre. The lights were on, the fairies were all in their seats, and the orchestra was tuning.

It was quite the prettiest orchestra Diana had ever seen, a row of lace bells in front for violins, and then behind them blue and white cantelary bells for the other instruments.

"It's real fairy music, all tinkly and sweet," cried Diana.

"Of course, it is, silly!" said the fairy. "But don't talk, the curtain is going up."

The curtain was a cobweb covered with silver dew, and Diana was terribly afraid it would break as it went up; but happily, no accident occurred. It was the most wonderful pantomime Diana had

ever seen, and as she knew the story of the Sleeping Beauty, she could understand every word of it.

In the interval between the acts, the Fairy pointed out to her the Fairy Queen, sitting in a box, with the members of her court.

"If we weren't only listening, I could take you and introduce you to her Majesty," said the Fairy, as the curtain was falling on the last scene. "She will be very anxious to know how you have enjoyed it."

"Oh, please tell her I think it's the loveliest treat I've ever had; but it isn't going to stop, is it?" cried Diana.

"Things can't go on for ever," said the Fairy. Her voice grew fainter, and her voice broke in. "Really, I think you're going to sleep the clock round. Miss Diana."

Diana sat up in bed suddenly.

"Oh, Nurse, I've been to the fairy pantomime—on the wireless, and it was—"

Nurse interrupted. "Well, here's your breakfast all getting cold. I never knew such a child for dreaming!"

But Diana knew better than to believe it was only a dream.

Christmas Fairs at London

THE London "Children's Corner" for Christmas week is to have lots of really Christmas things. Uncle Rex is going to tell the story of "Mr. Warlike Party," from the "Pickwick Papers." John Henry is coming to explain all about "Getting ready for Christmas." The Warlike Chorus will sing special songs and carols. Uncle Rex will give us a Christmas adventure story about a burglar. The Auntie and Uncles will have a whole evening at making preparations for Christmas.

On Christmas Day itself, Dickens's *Christmas Carol* will be given as a play, and on Boxing Day *The Ring and the Rose* will be acted.

Birthday Greetings.

Owing to the increased number of requests for Children's Corner birthday greetings to be broadcast from London and Daventry, messages will in future be limited to members of the Radio Circle only. Letters should be posted to 2, Savoy Hill, W.C.2, at least three days before the date of the birthday and should be marked "Children's Birthday."

Manchester's Christmas Party.

The Auntie and Uncles of the Manchester Station are to have a party in the studio on Christmas Day, when their guests will all be kiddies who have lost their daddies in the war. There will be all sorts of good things in store for them, and a Christmas tree, loaded with presents. It is whispered that it is quite possible that Santa Claus himself is to pay a special visit to Manchester, and a number of other things will be a real Punch and Judy show.

Would some kind persons like to help us fill Santa Claus's sack? He has been very busy indeed this year and we are rather afraid that there may not be much left in it by December 25th. As we don't want to disappoint our little kiddies on Christmas Day the Auntie and Uncles will be very grateful for any presents sent in.

A Christmas Play at Liverpool.

Liverpool kiddies are to have a great treat on Christmas Eve, when the whole Corner will be devoted to a play specially written by Auntie Mabel and Uncle Ted. It is called *Good King Wenceslas* and is described as "A Christmas Fantasy in Five Episodes." It is a real children's play, in which two of the principal parts will be taken by members of the Radio Circle, while a special programme of incidental music will be played by the S.L.V. Children's Orchestra, conducted by Uncle Toby. So everyone must make a point of listening at 5.15 p.m. on December 24th.

Christmas Toy and Book Collection.

The Radio Sunbeams at Swansea are busily engaged in hunting up and collecting as many books and toys as they can find. They want, if possible, to send a supply from the common fund to every hospital and convalescent home in the area so that the boys and girls who cannot spend Christmas at home, may have a jolly time and lots of fun with the toys and books and games sent to them.

Grown-ups are invited to help in the good work, and if they have no toys and books of their

(Continued overleaf in column 3.)



By next Christmas, Santa Claus hopes that it will be possible to broadcast not only words and music but gifts and toys, thereby saving himself a lot of trouble.

Pieces In The Programmes.

A Weekly Feature Conducted by Percy A. Scholes.

SOME ITEMS IN THE LONDON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA PROGRAMME.

DIVERTIMENTI AND OTHER BY MAURICE MAHLER BY TAILLEFERRE
FIRST BROADCAST PERFORMANCE

A FEW years ago, in the heart of the artists' quarter in Paris, there came together a group of young composers and artists of kindred minds. As one of them has said "They sought to escape from the depressing atmosphere of circles in which war was the sole topic of conversation," and "to originate a real progressive movement." In the studio where they met, exhibitions of pictures were given, and, later, public concerts by three or four young poets among others.

These concerts soon became very popular, and eventually a definite group of six composers—Durey, Auric, Honegger, Poulenc, Malarmé, and Tailleferre. These were hailed by a writer as "The Group of Six," and promptly became regarded as a cult, or a clique.

Actually they have not very much in common except, perhaps, a general revolt against the conservatism and over-skill of Debussy and his followers, and a general aim at simplicity, directness and tenderness.

GERMAINE TAILLEFERRE is one of the older members (the oldest is still in his thirties, of "The Six"). She has a solid foundation to her art for she won first prizes in harmony, counterpoint and composition at the Paris Conservatoire. Her style is straightforward and tender—more direct and less aggressive than much of the work of the other five.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "CONCERTO ACCADEMICO."

FIRST BROADCAST PERFORMANCE.

FIRST performance of any work by a composer such as Vaughan Williams are keenly interesting. This work has at the moment of writing, only had one public performance, so that listeners in many parts have to-day the opportunity of hearing it second performance—an opportunity that would have been envied by musicians of the past.

In this rather formidable title Vaughan Williams apparently indicates that his Concerto for Solo Violin and Strings has most in common with the less elaborate Concertos of Bach's days, in which the Orchestra is contrasted with the Soloist rather than used as a mere accompaniment, as in later times.

This Concerto Accademico is written in three movements.

The FIRST MOVEMENT begins "Quickly, lightly" with a vigorous Tune in the Orchestra, a Tune which contains a good deal of the chief material of the Movement, and to some extent of the whole work.

The SECOND MOVEMENT is Slow, and is a first acquaintance, thought by music people to give Vaughan Williams at his best.

The THIRD MOVEMENT is a rapid, bustling piece, in which, however, we hear more than one clear-cut, energetic tune.

MOZART'S DIVERTIMENTI.

Divertimento is really only the Italian for "Diversions," and Mozart's main object was exactly the agreeable, free-and-easy music that we want for Christmas.

The Divertimento No. 7 is scored for quite a small Orchestra—two Horns, two Bassoons and Strings, and, even so, the Bassoons play continually with the lower Strings.

It is in four separate Movements, as follows.

This opens with an INTRODUCTION, marked "Largo" (Slow, with breadth). Very soon we break into the First Movement proper, with a gay,

lipping FIRST MAIN TUNE played softly by STRINGS, and repeated loudly an octave higher with Horns added.

The SECOND MAIN TUNE (whose appearance is slightly delayed) is characterized by sudden shouted loud notes. Soon after it has been heard we come to a section, then go back to the beginning (this repeat is optional). The rest of the Movement is concerned chiefly with the foregoing material.

II

Slow. This is a slow paced, florid little piece for STRINGS ALONE.

III

WINDS AND TRIO. This is the usual graceful 16-measure movement in three short sections, the third a repetition of the first. In the second section players have a good deal of sport in themselves.

IV

Finale (very fast). This is a high-spirited, rapid speed Finale, which hardly pauses from start to finish.

It has several little tunes, some very dashing, sometimes smooth and song-like. It also has some delightful touches of humour.

MOZART'S CLARINET CONCERTO

BY ANNE SUTTON

Almost any of Mozart's Concertos might well be called Christmas Music. Of course, there is not much more revelry to be found in them, but for light-hearted music they are hard to beat.

A typical Mozart Concerto, and perhaps one of his best, is that for Clarinet and Orchestra, supposed to have been written in the last year of his life for his friend Stadler.

Besides the Solo Clarinet, only a small Orchestra is employed—two Flutes, two Bassoons, two Horns, and Strings. There are, as usual, three separate Movements.

I

Quick. Quietly the CLARINET AND STRINGS set out on the move, playing FIRST MAIN TUNE after the first sentence the Full Orchestra takes it up, somewhat loudly and this continues for a few moments. A few loud chords and a break suggest that we have come, so to speak, to the end of a journey, and shall have something new; but the Orchestra quietly goes on discussing the First Tune.

At last the CLARINET SOLOIST is allowed to take the lead and he begins by decorating the First Tune, being given a very light background of Winds and Strings.

After more loud chords, he introduces the SECOND MAIN TUNE, which is the only other important material of the Movement. The Second Tune is smooth and lyrical, and indeed, is hardly any different in style from the First Tune. The chief contrast in the Movement is provided by the way in which the Soloist decorates the Tunes with flourishes, and skips from one end of his instrument to the other.

In this Movement Mozart twice gives the Clarinet free rein to display his skill (and his taste), in "Cadenzas," or free Solo passages.

II

Slow. This Movement is well known as a separate piece. For the most part it is a beautiful, sustained, expressive song for Clarinet.

III

RONDO (Quick). This Finale is a very gay, dainty, dance like piece in which one Tune returns time after time.

The soloist performs practically every possible feat, and the Orchestra provides some exquisite little touches of colour. Yet one feels all the time that "the music's the thing."

N.B.—Schumann's Piano Concerto (Newcastle, Tuesday) was described in the issue of The Radio Times dated December 11th.

The Children's Corner.

(Continued from the previous page.)

very own to send, they are allowed to send new ones, or money to buy them with.

Some children have laid aside a few of their most treasured possessions for collection, in addition to sending long forgotten minutes of their nurseries and attics.

All contributions are to be sent to the Studio, and we hope that the collection will be so great that huge motor lorries will be required to distribute them in the hospitals and homes. We hope all will do their best.

A Hundredth Birthday

One of the most exciting things that happened at Glasgow recently was the celebration of her hundredth birthday by one of the members of the Radio Circle! Auntie and the Uncles are so proud of this niece of theirs and when they received a beautiful photograph, taken at the time of her hundredth birthday, their pride knew no bounds.

Granny Templeton lives at Blantyre and is so happy and well. You should just have seen her birthday cake—with icing which was the colour of Parma violets. Of course, the wonderful thing that happened on her birthday was that she received a telegram of congratulations from the King and Queen, and Granny very kindly sent this magic telegram up to the Studio to let all her wireless "relations" have a peep at it.

Children in the Programme.

On Saturdays, during the Stake-on-Trent Children's Corner members of the Radio Circle are allowed to take part in the programme. Those who are willing to play or sing give their names to Auntie Kate and she chooses two little friends for each Saturday.

Auntie Kate is trying to make a Christmas Party. This will take place on the Christmas holidays. She wants lots of "grown ups" to help because they are to be charged a shilling and the children will only pay sixpence each.

WIRELESS CRACKERS

WHEN you pull your crackers at Christmas you will no doubt be surprised to find in them—that is to say, if you have bought the right box—a miniature set of wireless. The Radio King has searched the markets of the world for little novelties apropos the title of the box which is "Listening in." The great difficulty has been to get something small enough to go inside the centre of a Tim Smith cracker. Well here are a few other marvels.

Two miniature metal headphones the size of a match.

A metal loud speaker 1 in. high.

One valve set 1 in. by 1 in.

Two poles aerials and wire, 12 ins. high.

Another line is a Christmas party up to date, and depicts a happy gathering of adults and children who, having pulled their crackers and worn their hats and bonnets found in them, are now listening with an indoor aerial.

Other contents are ingenious wireless sets which can be conveyed from one end of the room to the other—miniature figures and boxes of famous brands.



Little Girl Listening (Puzzle, find her sweetheart).

If Santa Claus Could Broadcast!

By Sydney A. Mossley.

THE tumult and the shouting dies
quoth the voice in the ether. And it led
me a-thinking. The room looked Christmasy
being in abundance, a fire that might have
come out of the cover of a Christmas number, my
arm chair, me in it with my long legs half-way
across the room. Toto, the irrepressible puss
purred the Irish tenor, actually tolerating each
other. I thought the tumult and the shouting
died. Peace, loving peace, contentment, the spirit
and intention of goodwill—not for a day, but for
all time—the voice from the distant microphone
trailed off the announcer bade us “wait on
moment please,” and here I was off at a tangent,
in worlds remote, philosophizing, wondering, hoping.

Greatest of Them All

All this talk of Christmas happiness, I thought
that does it all amount to? My mind flung
back to the speakers in the past twelve months.
They had broadcast their views and panaceas on
the various problems that confront the world.
What problems they were, too, intricate to the last
degree, mending and seemingly well-nigh im-
possible of solution.

Why? I said to myself, “why can’t we rid
the world of the burdens of poverty, unemploy-
ment, ill-health, war?”

“Ah!” I thought. “The B.B.C. have accom-
plished much, but in one thing they have fallen
short. They get all the big speakers and have
forgotten the greatest of them all. They have
procured the highest in the land—the cleverest, and
they have forgotten our Father Christmas—our
old Santa Claus. What a sensation it would
be if they could get him to the microphone.”

The wireless orchestra now began to play
Tchaikovsky’s *Symphony Pathétique*, and if there is
anything that turns my soul inside out it is the
music of the Russian master. Inevitably it gave a
violent turn to my thoughts.

The Messenger of Hope.

If only Santa Claus could be induced to come
and broadcast. The real Santa Claus, I mean,
not the property-owning of the children, but the one
who dwells in the heart of hearts of the grown-ups—
the figurative Messenger of Hope whom we hide
behind our masks of indifference, pride. The
Somebody who lends encouragement in the counsels
of despair.

It is customary to thank more of the children at
Christmas-time; but I choose to thank a little of
the parents who struggle bravely through a heart-
breaking existence to create the right Christmas
atmosphere for the young ones—my thoughts fly
out to the immense things I could accomplish on
their behalf with the aid of Father Christmas.
Yes, I thought, if only the B.B.C. could use more
power—I really don’t think it beyond their
power—if only they could send out a broadcast to
the Heavens and get him to make an appointment
at 7.15—what a Christ-as we would have!

Deeds, Not Words.

If he could only be induced to come. To beg to
be allowed to rehearse him in his new
to far as to prompt him, to tell him what to say,
to show him what we needed. What message would
we make for him?

But I may tell you this. If I coached him for
the business, there would be more in it than mere
pious expressions of goodwill and peace. He’d
have to do things. Gathering up his legions, he
would have to work miracles, so that, when the
moment came for him to appear before the micro-
phone, he would be able to say a word or two.

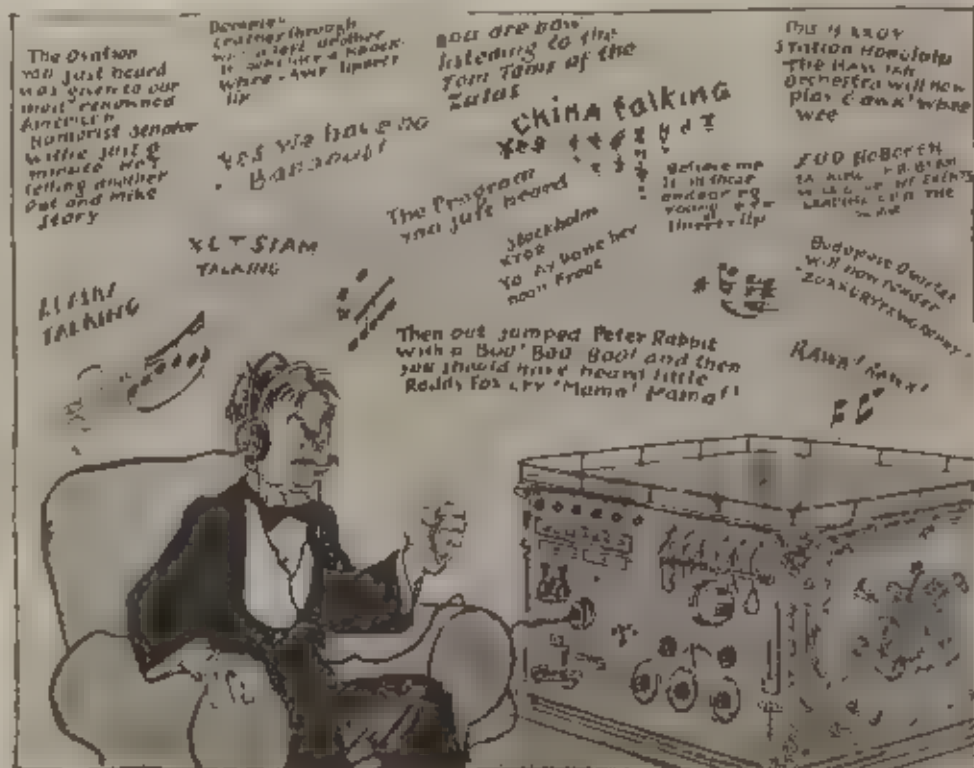
Peace be with you, everybody! Peace be with
you. For on the morrow there will be new hearts and
mankind. The miseries, the misconceptions, and
the mischief will be no more. The World of Babel

(Continued in the next column.)

Where Willie Scored.



With his little radio set Willie listens to his bed-time story from the local station without interruption.



Whereas, Mr. Milham has a set powerful enough to listen to the programmes of the entire radio world—and finds it almost impossible to get one clearly!

(Continued from column 1)

wherein the minds of men were incomprehensible
and inaccessible to each other, and cease to exist.
In its place there will be one spiritual language,
one common goal, one great unity of mankind,
and Order will be created out of Chaos. For it
has been strangely perplexing to us in the Land
of Santa Claus to understand the need for the per-
petual strife that has encompassed the efforts of
Earthly mankind. What is gained by these unceas-
ing conflicts? Sorrow inevitably is the lot of the
victor as well as the victim. Why don’t you
make a world where each aids the other where
jealousy, conflict, malice, and mischief are exter-
minated and where happiness is not for one class
only, but for all?

Why do you think of me and for what I stand
only for one day in the year? I am as far away
as I am from this Earth, as far as I am from
your land. I am ever ready to respond to
your beckoning to breathe the spirit of goodwill
on a spiritually starved world. Consider it for a
moment, I beg of you. If it is to be the common
happiness of mankind to be charitable, tolerant,
tolerant, and true-hearted at Christmas, why not
prolong this much-to-be preferred state throughout
the whole year, and, therefore, throughout life?

Look at the gifts the fairy spirits have showered

upon you; each a wonderment in itself—a new
means of building up greater happiness; yet there
are those who pause to consider means of how
they might be used to the disservice of mankind.
Science should help you to create; you use it to
create. Increasing knowledge should bring the
nations together (and I imagine that the
world would sound more buoyant through the loud-
speaker), and here I see a glimpse of hope. Possibly
because it has created the necessity of the
effort to misuse it, wireless will help towards this
end. Each effort through the microphone marks
a notch in the stage of progress. The accumulative
effect will be seen in the years to come.

Never before in the history of mankind has the
world had the opportunity to hear from the lips
of its great leaders of the problems that beset the
world to-day—this intercourse will make for good.
Through this great medium men will understand
each other and, understanding each other, come
to a new I verily believe begin a New
World of good cheer, everybody, for the
Brotherhood of Listeners is an accomplished fact!
Good night, everybody—and God bless you all!

There was a soprano singing a song of love, and,
somehow, the message of Santa Claus didn’t seem
so fantastic after all.

Christmas With a Prima Donna.

Dame Nellie Melba's Yuletide Stories.



FEW persons of note can look back on more varied Christmases than Dame Nellie Melba, "the sweet singer of the great heart," and none has enjoyed them more.

"I simply adore Christmas," she confesses, "and always enjoy it with the best and abandon of a child. But my happiest Yuletides are those spent at my beautiful home, Combe Park, near

Marlborough, where I love to surround myself with lots of dear friends, especially the young ones. And what fun and frolic and feasting we have!—the good, old-fashioned Christmas with plenty of pudding and roast beef and turkey and—oh, everything that's good and seasonable, and, of course, haggis, as becomes a true daughter of Scotland.

Upsat the Game!

Some of my earliest memories are of Christmas when I had to stand on tiptoe to see what was on the table. And what a little rascal I was! I laugh still when I recall one day (I suppose I was about seven at the time). My father and three friends were playing whist—a game he was a great fond of—after our Christmas Day dinner, and poor little me was being ignored for the time. So I got a pair of bellows from the kitchen, crept unnoticed under the table, and blew a mighty blast up the leg of my father's trousers. He leaped up as if he had been shot; and his language—well, it would have made an 'elder' blush!

"In those long gone days I was always up to some mischief or prank. One Christmas Day, I remember, when I was about sixteen, I dressed myself up as a nun, with my face cunningly veiled, and called on my father to ask for a contribution to some charity. The dear man was all sympathy—he always was—and after listening to my story, he put a five-pound note into my hand.

"That was too much for me, and I broke into a peal of laughter and gave myself completely away. 'You little rascal!' was all my father said when he had recovered from the shock. But he would not take the note back, and I was five pounds richer for my little joke.

Light-Hearted Days.

"Oh, those merry, light-hearted days when I was so young and so full of wickedness! Another early Christmas I recall when a minister was staying with us and he had a service in our house on Christmas Day, to which neighbours came from miles around. He had preached a long and prosy sermon and, at its conclusion, suggested a hymn which he asked me to accompany. I sat down to the piano, and, to the horror of the good parson and the congregation played with great gusto, 'See me dance the polka! Oh, that minister's face! I can see it yet.'

A Russian Serenade.

Of one Yuletide that Dame Melba spent in Leningrad, long before the war, she tells the following story: "On Christmas Eve, after singing in opera to a densely crowded audience, I was called before the curtain for a whole hour and a half, until from very fatigue I was compelled to take a seat during the short intervals of the deafening applause. And when at last I was allowed to escape, a crowd, thousands strong, followed me to my hotel and serenaded me through an intensely cold night until three o'clock in the morning.

When, a few hours later, I reached the station to leave Leningrad, I found it packed with

my admirers of the night before. It was with the utmost difficulty that a way was made for me to my carriage through the cheering, hat-tossing, delirious crowd, who, when at last I had secured a refuge in the carriage, sent in countless throngs for my autograph, and finally, seizing the pencil and gloves, tore them to pieces to keep as souvenirs.

Of another Christmas, a very different beautiful story is told. As Dame Melba was leaving the theatre at Philadelphia, and was about to step into her carriage, her arms laden with flowers, an old woman, who had waited for hours in the hush, stole up to her and timidly asked for a single flower to remember her by. In a moment, Melba had handed to her her own rose floral burden, and then, stooping down, kissed her.

"God bless your beautiful heart!" was all the poor woman could find voice to say; but if ever a benediction found its way to Heaven, surely that one did.

He Wouldn't Believe It.

On one Christmas Eve when Melba was travelling to Minneapolis to sing, a boy, selling fruit and candy, entered her car, and, after making some purchases, she asked: "Would you like to go to the opera to night?" "Well, sure!" said the boy with a grin. "Would you like to hear Melba?" she continued; and the lad answered: "Well, I should like to." "Then," said Madame, pointing to her manager, "go over to that gentleman and tell him I said he would give you tickets for yourself and your mother or some friends." The boy, much surprised, asked: "Well, who are you, any—"

"I am Madame Melba," she answered, whereupon the unabashed youngster sent her into convulsions by retorting: "Oh no! I've seen Madame Melba, and she's real pretty."

Probably no great singer has been so deluged with Christmas presents as Melba—the donors ranging from kings and queens to cow-boys and mounds-of-all-work. Among the most treasured of them all are a diamond and amethyst brooch, the gift of her great friend and admirer, Queen Alexandra, and a diamond brooch, King Edward's gift.

The Shepherd's Gift.

But it is doubtful whether any of her Christmas gifts gave her more pleasure than one of which she tells the following story:—

"I was at my country house near Melbourne, and on Christmas morning I awoke to a chorus of bleating under my bedroom window. I jumped out of bed, put on my dressing gown, and, looking out of the window, saw a flock of the most beautiful sheep, with a dear friend as shepherd begging me to accept them as a present. I was delighted, of course, for I am farmer as well as singer, and the sheep were a most welcome addition to my stock.

One Christmas, however, Melba still recalls with any but pleasant memories.

"I was on tour," she says, "and had arrived at Chicago, hoping to occupy the suite at the Auditorium Hotel which was usually reserved for me. It was known, in fact, as the 'Melba suite.' As luck would have it, however, I found the suite was engaged and I had to be content with another, a 'disappointment' for which I was later devoutly thankful.

"I had not been in the hotel an hour when a couple of masked men forced their way into the 'Melba suite,' overpowered the lady who occupied it, and whom, no doubt, they mistook for me, and demanded her jewels. In vain the poor woman protested she had none. They ransacked the rooms in search of the jewels, and when the search proved fruitless, made their escape, leaving my 'deputy' in a state of collapse."

But this unpleasant experience stands alone in Dame Melba's happy and lucky Yuletides, which we hope may stretch far in the years to come.

B.B.C. and the Future.

Listeners' Letters.

I would like to express my opinion of the statements that have appeared from time to time in the Press relating to the proposal of the Government to take over the B.B.C. at the expiration of their present licence. Generally speaking, the present broadcast is a great success, and it is hoped that the public will protest in no uncertain terms against the Government nationalising an agency when it suits their purpose.

In the event of the worst happening, I for one will denounce my set and would find no difficulty in inducing my friends to do likewise. I would take this step for the following reason: That the Government could use broadcasting as a very powerful agency for propaganda.—R. J. F. Thornton Heath

The Touch of Nature.

Just a word from the Channel Islands to remind heartily the splendid quarter of an hour the B.B.C. provided the other night, when Tolstoy's daughter spoke to us. Reception was so good that hundreds of miles down South that we could ever trace the sense of awe of Tolstoy's daughter when she resumed, to give us the transmission of her father's philosophy of conduct in life. This was the greatest of many great moments I have enjoyed by my friend.

Could not the B.B.C. provide a quarter of an hour, at a stated regular time weekly, in which a relative of some great man who has passed away would speak of the kindly characteristics of that personage—little domesticities which do not find their way into biography, but which serve to show personality intensely? Such an innovation would be as "life about us" to the literary world, and would also fascinate the general world of readers.

"THE HERMIT OF GUERNSEY," Rockmount Bridge, Vale, Guernsey.

An Unheeded Radio Warning.

I am writing to state the high value I put upon the B.B.C. weather forecasts. I left Fowey at 7 a.m. recently, bound for Brussels. The weather was exceptionally fine, sea smooth and a clear sky.

At 10.30 a.m. the same day, I got a wireless warning from Daventry of an expected gale, but being anxious to get the ship along and the barometer showing no signs of a gale pending, I proceeded (when I could have obtained shelter) and got it "right in the neck." The heavy seas broke on board and nearly extinguished our fires. We had a awful night. This experience is a pronounced illustration of the value of wireless weather forecasts to mariners.—W. Rowsbottom, Esq. Chamberbury, Antwerp.

Look To Your Set.

Night music services will be given with the aid of Melba's voice.

Some of the most beautiful and heart-rending music of the night will be given by Dame Nellie Melba.

I am sure that a great many of our people will be glad to hear the voice of Dame Nellie Melba.

Many of the most beautiful and heart-rending music of the night will be given by Dame Nellie Melba.

2LO
365 M.

LONDON PROGRAMMES.

Week Beginning
December 20th.

The Reproduction of
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The letters "B.B." printed in italics in these
programmes signify a simultaneous Broad-
cast from the station mentioned.

The High-Power (Daventry)
Programme will be found
on page 616.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th.

1.30-5.40.

STAR BALLAD CONCERT.

THE SQUIRE OCTET
Scottish Reproductions

DOROTHY SILK (Soprano)
Believe me
An Old-fashioned Lullaby

Ring Out, Wild Bells
FEDITH PENNIE
Solo Flute.

Italiana
Scherzo
Scherzo

THE OCTET.
The Bee (Four Violins in
Schubert
The Moon (Robson)

PERCY HEMING (Baritone)
St. Nicholas Day in the North
Easthope Martin

An Old French Carol
arr. Samuel I. Little
The Waver
Traditional West Yorkshire

"The Holy Child"
Easthope Martin

V. COCHRANE (Violin).
Valse
Pavane
Minuet

THE OCTET
Selection, "Peter Pan" .. Crook

ARTHUR BOURCHIER
will read a Shortened Version of
"GABRIEL GRUBB,"
from

"The Pickwick Papers."

DOROTHY SILK
Duet
A Lullaby
The Sweet Springtime

FEDITH PENNIE
Solo Flute
Scherzo
Scherzo

PERCY HEMING
Old Christmas
The King of Beethoven
Elephant Thumpe

HOW BLOW THOU WINTER WIND
JERRY COCHRANE
Lullaby
Scherzo

THE OCTET
Scherzo
La Cinquante

FRANK SUTTON FRCO
Relaxed from
St. Stephen's, Walsbrook
Lecture in C Sharp Minor

Coral Prelude ("Indule")
The "Dove"
Hymn

FRANK SUTTON FRCO
Relaxed from
St. Stephen's, Walsbrook
Lecture in C Sharp Minor

Coral Prelude ("Indule")
The "Dove"
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The "Dove"
Hymn

FRANK SUTTON FRCO
Relaxed from
St. Stephen's, Walsbrook
Lecture in C Sharp Minor

Coral Prelude ("Indule")
The "Dove"
Hymn

THE BAND
Hark the Bony Christchurch
Bells

HAROLD WILLIAMS (Baritone)
La
As Ever I Saw
My Love's An Arabos

THE BAND
Carol, "Glory to
M

MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte)
Scherzo in B Major
W
S

THE BAND
Bella Across the
Port of Many
Shops
Trade Winds
Mother Carey

HAROLD WILLIAMS
Port of Many
Shops
Trade Winds
Mother Carey

THE BAND
Coral Solo, "The Star of Beth-
lehem"

MAURICE COLE
Coral Solo, "The Star of Beth-
lehem"

THE BAND
Christmas Follies, "Yule
Kippie

THE BAND
Christmas Follies, "Yule
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4. Talk by the Radio Society of
Great Britain

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN
WEATHER FORECAST AND 1st
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

7.10. LE MYSTERE DE LA
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A Christmas Play
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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, December 20th.
LONDON, 1.30.—Star Ballad Con-
cert.

LONDON, 9.15.—The Band of
H.M. Grenadier Guards.

BIRMINGHAM, 3.30. Carol Ser-
vice

BOLNEMOUTH, 4.0.—Christ-
mas Eve Concert.

CARDIFF, 9.15. Orchestral Con-
cert. Solo Pianoforte—Laff
Poussinoff

MONDAY, December 21st.
LONDON 7.45 The London
Chamber Orchestra, conducted
by Anthony Bernard.

LONDON, 10.30.—Wilke Bard.

BIRMINGHAM, 7.45.—Choral
Concert, relayed from the Town
Hall.

MANCHESTER, 8.0. The Roos-
ters Concert Party

GLASGOW, 7.50.—The Piano-
forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

TUESDAY, December 22nd.
LONDON, 8.0 "Hansel and
Gretel" (Humperdick).

MANCHESTER, 1.15 p.m.—Car-
ols by the Manchester Cathedral
Choir.

BELFAST, 8.25.—Methodist Col-
lege Prize Day Concert, relayed
from Ulster Hall.

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.
LONDON 10.30. Sir Harry
Laurence

NEWCASTLE, 8.0. "SNO'S"
Birthday Programme.

THURSDAY, December 24th
LONDON 8.0. An Old-Fashioned
Christmas Party

BIRMINGHAM, 8.0.—Radio Pan-
tophone Revue.

BOLNEMOUTH, 8.0.—John
Citizen

MANCHESTER 8.0. A Christ-
mas Pantomime.

FRIDAY, December 25th.
LONDON, 10.15 a.m.—How Bells
LONDON, 8.0 p.m.—Service re-
layed from Canterbury Cathed-
ral.

CARDIFF, 7.30.—Christmas Con-
cert, relayed from the Theatre
Royal, Barry.

MANCHESTER, 7.30.—The Spirit
of Christmas.

SATURDAY, December 26th
LONDON, 8.0.—Cathedral John
Henry.

(Continued on the next page.)

2LO
365 M.

RADIO TIMES

LONDON PROGRAMMES.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Week Beginning
December 20th.

135. THE LONDON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA Part II

Musique dans la Campagne

Concerto for Christmas

10.00. Time Signal from Green-
wich. Weather Forecast and
1st General News Bulletin

10.15. The Savoy Orchestra
The Savoy Havana Band
and
The Savoy Tango Band
Relayed from the Savoy Hotel,
London.

Local News

10.30. WILKIE BARD.

10. Close down

TUESDAY, Dec. 22nd.

9.20. Time Signal from Green-
wich. Lunch-time Music from
the Hibernia Restaurant

10. Time Signal from Greenwich
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

10.15. Organ and Orchestral Music
relayed from Shepherd's Bush
London

11. FOR THE CHILDREN
Carols and Christmas Songs by
the Wireless Club. The
Princes and other Poems by
John Keble and
The Barchin. by E. L. Rieu in
March

10.30. Siney Virgin's Cavour Dance
Band

10. Time Signal from Big Ben
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

Dr. J. J. SIMPSON: "My
Lady's Furs," S.B. from Cur-
dell

10.30. Mr. Desmond McCarthy

Interpretation of
"From My Window," by PHIL-
MON

8.0. "HANSEL AND GRETEL."

A Fairy Opera in Three Acts
by E. Humperdink

Peter (A Brownie Maker)
FREDERICK COLLIER

Gertrude (The Witch)
VIVIANNE CHATTERTON

Hansel (The Boy) / MAY BLYTHE

Grete (The Girl) / LIDA BENNETT

The Witch (The Witch's Children)
J. J. F. THE WITCH

Sandman (The Sleep Fairy)
WINIFRED FISHER

Dewman (The Dawn Fairy)
VIVIANNE CHATTERTON

Act I.—Home.

Act II.—The Forest.

Act III.—The Witch's House.

THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY

ORCHESTRA

Conducted by

STANTON JEFFRIES.

10.00. Time Signal from Green-
wich. Weather Forecast and
1st General News Bulletin

Mr. ELLISON YOUNG: "Chris-
mas Promenade."

10.15. BERT FIRMANS

CARLTON HOTEL DANCE

ORCHESTRA

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23rd.

10.20. Time Signal from Green-
wich. Lunch-time Music from
the Hibernia Restaurant

4.0. "My Part of the Country," by
A. Bennett Laid

4.15. Music relayed from the Capitol
Theatre, Haverhill

4.15. FOR THE CHILDREN: The
Angels and the Elves get ready for
Christmas.

4.30. Dance Music by Alex. Freyre & Co.
from the Radio Theatre.

10.00. Time Signal from Big Ben

Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

"Musical Scenery: The Human
Voice." Talk prepared by the
late Prof. E. H. BARTON.
D.S. S.R.S.

4.30. Musical Interlude.

4.30. Mr. M. J. NEWTON: "Carols."

8.0. A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE

AN ADAPTATION IN RADIO
FORM
of
DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS
CAROL."

Played by well-known Radio
Artists, including
HENRY OSCAR,
MICHAEL HOGAN,
RAYMOND TRAFFORD,
PHYLLIS PANTING,
MABEL CONSTANDUROS.

9.0. THE WIRELESS

ORCHESTRA:

THE WIRELESS CHORUS

Conducted by

STANFORD ROBINSON.

10.00. A Popular Violoncello Recital

by

FREDERIC SHARPE

"Largo" Handel

"Barcarolle" ("Tales of Hoff-
mann") Offenbach

"Demande et Reponse"
Coleridge-Taylor, arr. Cedric
Sharpe

"Chant du Menestrel"
Glazounov

"Drink to Me Only" arr. Siney
"The Swan" Siney

8.30. Christmas on the Continent.

10.0. Time Signal from Greenwich
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

Mr. EDWARD CRESSY: The
Fugue in Adventure: The
Road to Blue Lake. S.B. from
Haverhill

Local News

10.30. Mr. HARRY LAUDER.

THURSDAY, Dec. 24th.

10.0. Time Signal from Greenwich
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

4.0. "Christmas in Four Corners of
the Empire"

Mrs. Elizabeth Keith Morris
(London)

Major A. R. T. Haverhill
(Central Africa)

Mrs. Mary M. Corbould (India)
Dr. J. W. E. Rathbone (Aus-
tralia)

Music by the Radio Quartet.

4.45. Trocadero Tea-time Music

8.15. FOR THE CHILDREN:
S.B. from Haverhill

8.0. Siney Firmans's Cavour Dance
Band

10.0. Time Signal from Big Ben
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

"Christmas Lore and Legends," by
V. J. NEILL LAIRD.

10.15. Musical Interlude.

10.30. Market Priests for Farmers.

7.40. Mr. KENNETH HARE: "A
Merry Christmas."

8.0. An Old-Fashioned Christmas
Party.

PERCY MERRIMAN
as
Host.

9.30. Carols and Waits.

Relayed from
SOMEWHERE IN LONDON

10.0. Time Signal from Greenwich
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

10.15. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.30. Local News.

10.15. "THE STRANGERS"
A Christmas Play by
L. de CAULDE PEACH

Drama

Hall

A. H. H. H.

The scene is the interior of a
week-end cottage on the way
to Dover. It is 17 metres

10.30. THE SAVOY ORCHESTRA
THE SAVOY HAVANA BAND

and
THE SAVOY TANGO BAND

Relayed from the Savoy Hotel,
London.

12.0. Time Signal from Big Ben
Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

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Weather Forecast and 1st
General News Bulletin

**Week Beginning
December 20th.**

continued on the next page

BOURNEMOUTH PROGRAMMES. Week Beginning
December 28th.

(Continued on the next page)

(Continued on the next page)

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353 M.

CARDIFF PROGRAMMES.

Week Beginning
December 20th.

The letters S.B. printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

The High-Power (Daventry) Programme will be found on page 815.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th.

3.30. **EXTENSION**—May Day Hymn at Cathedral. Sermon by the Very Rev. E. A. BURROUGHS, D.D., Dean of Bristol, Bishop Designate of Ripon.

4.45-5.40.—Programme S.B. from London.

8.0. **ORGAN RECITAL** S.B. from London.

9.15-9.45. **GABRIELA BARTIST** HURCH CHOIR.

Hymn in Heart. Leave Abiding "Tune" for an A Short Reading from the Scriptures.

Anthem, "God Save the King" The Rev. SAMUEL JONES, R. Hughes, Assistant.

Hymn, "Who is On the Lord's Side?" Tune: Harkness.

9.0. **WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS** Local News.

9.15. **An Orchestral Concert.** LEFF POLISHNOFF.

Solo Piano (fortissimo).

THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor, LEONARD RUSFIELD.

WARWICK BRAITHWAITE THE ORCHESTRA.

Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" (Mozart).

LEFT POLISHNOFF and ORCHESTRA.

Concerto No. 2 in G Minor for Piano (forte) and Orchestra.

THE ORCHESTRA Symphonies No. 1 and 2.

LEFT POLISHNOFF and ORCHESTRA.

"Quand il Pleut" (Mozart).

"Gopak" (Mozart).

"Caprice Espagnole" (Mozart).

THE ORCHESTRA Overture, "Al Baba" (Cherubini).

10.30.—"THE SILENT FELLOWSHIP" SHIP.

11.0.—Close down.

MONDAY, Dec. 21st.

12.30-1.30.—Lunch-time Music from Cox's Cafe.

2.30.—Organ Recital relayed from the Capitol Cinema.

An Afternoon Concert. MAY 1. (Piano).

THE STATION ORCHESTRA Conductor.

WARWICK BRAITHWAITE THE ORCHESTRA.

Overture, "La Fata Morgana" (Verdi).

Solo song, "La Bohème" (Verdi).

MAY DURLING "Where the Bee Sucks" (Anna).

"It Was a Lover and His Lass" (T. Morley).

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9.0. **WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS** Local News.

9.15. **An Orchestral Concert.** LEFF POLISHNOFF.

Solo Piano (fortissimo).

THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor, LEONARD RUSFIELD.

WARWICK BRAITHWAITE THE ORCHESTRA.

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Solo Piano (fortissimo).

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9.0. **WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS** Local News.

9.15. **An Orchestral Concert.** LEFF POLISHNOFF.

Solo Piano (fortissimo).

THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor, LEONARD RUSFIELD.

WARWICK BRAITHWAITE THE ORCHESTRA.

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An Afternoon Concert. MAY 1. (Piano).

The Only
World-Programme Paper.

See the
**RADIO
SUPPLEMENT**
For Dominion and
Foreign Programmes

Every Friday—2d.

7.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS** Talk. S.B. from London.

7.25.—Musical Interlude. S.B. from London.

7.35. **Mark Price** for Foreign S.B. from London.

7.40.—Talk. S.B. from London.

8.0. **AN AFTERNOON CONCERT** CHRISTMAS PARTY S.B. from London.

9.30.—**CAROLS AND WATTS**. S.B. from London.

10.0. **WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS** Local News.

(Continued on the next page.)

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MANCHESTER PROGRAMMES.

Week Beginning
December 20th.

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a simultaneous broadcast from the station mentioned.

The High-Power (Daventry) Programme will be found on page 815.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th.

HILLEN DE FREY (Soprano)
LAWRENCE WILDCOUSE (Tenor)

THE BAND OF H.M. ROYAL AIR FORCE

(By permission of the Air Council)
Flight-Lieut. J. AMPERS
THE BAND

March "Triumph of Right" *Forrell*

Overture "Mignon" *A. Thomas*
LAWRENCE WILDCOUSE

"The Musician" *Handel*

THE BAND

"Rustle of Spring" *Sinding*
"In the Mill" *Grieg*

Selection of English Melodies *Myddleton*

HILLEN DE FREY.

"O My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose" *Grieg*

"A Highland Lad My Love Was Born" *Handel*

THE BAND.

March "A Flat" *Beethoven*

March "A Flat" *Beethoven*

March "A Flat" *Beethoven*

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THE SEXTET

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MONDAY, Dec. 21st.

THE SEXTET

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WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23rd.

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THURSDAY, Dec. 24th.

THE SEXTET

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Manchester Programmes.

(Continued from the previous page.)

10.00—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
10.15.—**"THE STRANGER."** S.B.
from London.
11.00—**STATION TOPICS.**
11.10.—**THE SAVOY BANDS.** S.B.
from London.
11.20.—**LIVE SIGNAL.** from the
BBC.

FRIDAY, Dec. 25th.

10.15-10.40.—**BOW BELLS.** S.B.
from London.
11.00.—**A CHRISTMAS DAY
SERVICE.** relayed from Can-
terbury Cathedral. S.B. from
London.
11.15.—**Talk.** Mr J. C. G. G.
Walters. Christmas Down the
Ages.
11.30.—**Talk.** Mr J. C. G. G.
Walters. Christmas Down the
Ages.
11.45.—**Talk.** Mr J. C. G. G.
Walters. Christmas Down the
Ages.

Special Children's Corner.

The Aunts and Uncles will enter-
tain a number of war orphans.
The Studio with a Punch and
Judy Show, a Christmas Tril-
ogy and some surprises. Perhaps
even Santa Claus may be
expected to put in a late ap-
pearance.

11.55.—**The Magazine.** Celebrate Or-
chestra. Musical Director
Conrad W. Bright. Relayed from
the Home Magazine, St. Anne's.
12.00.—**THE MAGAZINE.** Celebrate Or-
chestra. Musical Director
Conrad W. Bright. Relayed from
the Home Magazine, St. Anne's.

De Spirit of Christmas.

REGINALD WHITEHEAD
Baritone
ARTHUR SPENCER
(Solo Pianoforte)
JAMES BERNARD
(Character Actor)

7.30.—**ARTHUR SPENCER.**
Polonaise in C Sharp.
Waltz in A Flat.
REGINALD WHITEHEAD
Song of the Bell.
Lovers Song.
Hunters' Frolic.
In Cellar Cool.
JAMES BERNARD.
A Christmas Carol.
Stage Three. Introducing the
moving characters. Betwixt
The Ghost of Christmas
Present. Bob Cratchit. M.
Cratchit. Various members of
the family including Tiny
Tim, Scrooge's Nephew, The
Niece, Tupper, and the Plump
Girl.

ARTHUR SPENCER
Baritone.
REGINALD WHITEHEAD
Song of the Bell.
Lovers Song.
Hunters' Frolic.
In Cellar Cool.
JAMES BERNARD.
A Christmas Carol.
Stage Three. Introducing the
moving characters. Betwixt
The Ghost of Christmas
Present. Bob Cratchit. M.
Cratchit. Various members of
the family including Tiny
Tim, Scrooge's Nephew, The
Niece, Tupper, and the Plump
Girl.

THE SALFORD POLICE BAND
Conductor THOMAS WILSON
(By kind permission of the Chief
Constable.)

8.30.—**THE BAND.**
March, "Martial Moments."
Overture, "Plymouth Hoe."

THE CLARET
Chorus and Carol.
THE BAND.
March, "Martial Moments."

THE CLARET
Chorus and Carol.
THE BAND.
March, "Martial Moments."

10.15.—**NEW PRINCE'S TORONTO
ORCHESTRA and ALFREDO
and HIS BAND.** S.B. from
London.

11.00.—**DON PARKER'S PITA
JILLY HOTEL BAND.** S.B.
from London.

11.15.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.30.—**STATION TOPICS.**

11.45.—**THE SAVOY BANDS.** S.B.
from London.
11.55.—**LIVE SIGNAL.** from the
BBC.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26th.

8.45.—**Auto-Piano Recital by J.
Meadows.**
10.00.—**Afternoon Talk.** The Rev. W. H.
Gandy. A Working Tour of the
French and Italian
Rivers.

10.15.—**THE HONEY DO.** Musical
played from the French and
Italian Rivers.
10.30.—**THE HONEY DO.** Musical
played from the French and
Italian Rivers.

10.45.—**CHILDREN'S CORNER.**
Voice. S.B. from London.
11.00.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Major L. R. TOSSEWILL. The
International Championship.
S.B. from London.

11.15.—**Musical Interlude.** S.B. from
London.
11.30.—**MR. F. STAFFORD LINTOTT.**
Weekly Talk on "BY THE
FIRESIDE."

THE STATION ORCHESTRA
CHARADES.
The First of a Series.
Invented and Produced by
VICTOR SMYTH.

8.00.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

8.15.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

8.30.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

8.45.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

8.55.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

9.10.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

9.25.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

9.40.—**THE ORCHESTRA.**
March, "Polka Berceuse." L. N.
Overture, "Light Cavalry." Supt.
Waltz, "The Grenadiers."

STOP PRESS NEWS.

LISTENERS may look forward
to a specially attractive
"Gatherround" programme from
London Station on January 16th
with Mr. M. S. Maleson, the
actor and playwright, taking the
role of companion.

The Roosters Concert Party
will give another concert in all
probability on January 18th, and
on the following evening a novel
feature in the form of a Village
Concert will be given from London.
It is hoped that Mr. Vivian
Foster, the "mountain" "Vicar of
Marth" will preside at this
concert.

Another Hallé concert is to be
relayed from Manchester on
January 21st, between 9.0 and
11.0.

The last performance of the
ever popular "Radio Rhapsody"
is expected to take place at
Manchester on January 29th.

The title of Mr. F. Le Breton
Martin's Christmas Evening Talk
from London will be "The
Fourteenth Guest, a Christmas
Episode," and not "Old Chris-
mas Customs," as announced
previously.

(Continued from column 4.)

ANNIE DAVIES
"Down in the Forest"
"I Have Won"
"The Winds Are Fall"
"Drift Down, Drift
Down"

TOM OWEN
"More Song and Character Study"
"The Outfit"
"May Days and Grey Days"

10.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.
THURSDAY, December 24th

4.0.—**The Edgar Williams String Quar-
tet.**
Topics: Dr. Mary

5.30.—**CHILDREN'S CORNER.**
Voice. S.B. from London.
6.15.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from
London.

7.0.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

7.15.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

7.30.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

7.45.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

8.0.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

8.15.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

8.30.—**THE POST BAG.** S.B. from Lon-
don.

Swansea Programmes.

55X 482 M.
Week Beginning Sunday, Dec. 20th.

SUNDAY, December 20th.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

MONDAY, December 21st.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

TUESDAY, December 22nd.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

THURSDAY, December 24th.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

FRIDAY, December 25th.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

SATURDAY, December 26th.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

SUNDAY, December 27th.

10.30-5.40.—**Programme S.B. from Lon-
don.**
11.0.—**WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.**
Local News.
11.15.—**STATION TOPICS.**

(Continued in previous column.)

**Week Beginning
December 20th.**

BLN, Class down
(Continued on the next page)

Newcastle Programmes.

(Continued from the previous page.)

FRIDAY, Dec. 25th.

- 3.0-4.15. A CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE, relayed from Canterbury Cathedral, S.B. from London.
- 4.15-5.0. CHILDREN'S CORNER relayed from London.
- 5.0-5.15. THE RADIO RADIANCE ORCHESTRA, S.B. from London.
- 5.15-5.30. Programme S.B. from London.
- 5.30-5.45. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.
- 5.45-6.0. NEW PRINCE'S TORONTO ORCHESTRA and ALFRED DO AND HIS BAND, S.B. from London.
- 6.0-6.15. DUN PARKER'S PITA BILLA HOTEL BAND, S.B. from London.
- 6.15-6.30. Close down.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26th.

- 11.30-12.30. Emily Brown (Soprano), Walter S. Barry's Trio.
- 12.30-1.0. Miss Norma Dale, "The Call of the Open Air—The Magic of the Morning."
- 1.0-1.15. The Little and Auntie will be a couple to the Fairy League.

LOUISE TRENTON (Soprano)

- OWENDOLINE MASON (Harp).
- OWENDOLINE MASON.
- 10.10. LOUISE TRENTON.
- "Spring" Henrichel.
- "Willow Song" Cateridge-Taylor.
- "Feast of Lanterns" Granville Hartcock.
- 6.20. OWENDOLINE MASON.
- 7.30. LOUISE TRENTON.
- "Whence Go the Bells?" Sent.
- "The Lamplighter" Quiller.
- 8.0. OWENDOLINE MASON.
- "David of the White Rock" Old.
- "The Little and Auntie" Weir.
- 8.10. LOUISE TRENTON.
- "Chanson Orale 'Rollo de Freym'."
- "Mammy's Song" Hamet Worn.

7.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.

- Major L. R. TOSSWILL: "The Championship."
- 7.25. Musical Interlude, S.B. from London.
- 7.40. Mr. JOHN KENNIR: "Amateur Football."
- DORIS MILLER (Soprano).
- FODEN WILLIAMS.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA.

- Conductor EDWARD CLARK.
- 11.0. ORCHESTRA.
- Conductor: Roy Biss.

DORIS MILLER.

- "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" Walter Donaldson.
- "When You and I Were Seven Years Old" Charles Roseoff.

FODEN WILLIAMS.

- In Selections from his Repertoire.
- THE ORCHESTRA.
- "Dances of the Hours" ("La Gioconda") Puccini.

DORIS MILLER.

- "Yearning" Benny Davis.
- "Remember" Irving Berlin.
- "Cuckoo Lady" H. Whiting.
- FODEN WILLIAMS.
- In further Selections from his Repertoire.

- 9.0. DANCE MUSIC.
- in
- FILLY'S DAN E.
- ORCHESTRA.
- Played from the Grand Assembly.
- 1.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.
- 10.1. ST. NEV'S FIRMANS' FAVORITE DANCE BAND.
- S.B. from London.
- 10.30. THE SAVOY BANDS, S.B. from London.
- 11.0. Close down.

NEWCASTLE NEWS.

MR. ROBERT RADFORD, bass, will visit the Newcastle Studio on Monday, December 21st. One of England's leading basses, he was born in Nottingham, and is the son of H. B. Radford, late manager of the He was educated at Boxington Private School, and became a Chartered Accountant; he entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1896, his instructors being Messrs. Frederic King, Harrison Haynes, and Alberto Randegger. He won the Westmorland Scholarship and other awards. He was elected Associate in 1904, and Fellow in 1906; first appeared at the Norwich Musical Festival in 1908 as a bass, singing the part of Brander in Berlioz's *Pierre*. His appearances have included the Handel, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Norwich, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford and Bristol Festivals, and the leading concerts in London, and the provinces, including the Philharmonic, the Royal Choral Society, the Boosey and Chappell, Ballads, and Hallé Concerts. He has appeared in Grand Opera at Covent Garden, playing leading bass roles in German, Italian, French and English. In addition to his prowess as a vocalist, he is an able pianist. His favorite parts are the bass solos in Haydn's *Creation*, and, in opera, King Mark in Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*.

On the same evening, the famous Ouf Smet will also broadcast from Newcastle. The Ouf Smet is one of the finest in Europe and each member of the Sextet specialises in solo work. Tuesday's programme will include a pianoforte recital by Miss Gladys Willis, a local artist. She is a pupil of Professor Oppenheim, and was a student of the Royal Academy.

(Continued from column 3.)

FRIDAY, December 25th.

- 3.0-4.15. Programme S.B. from London.
- 4.15. The Scala Symphony Orchestra, relayed from the Scala Theatre, London.
- 5.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- Christmas Games and How to Play Them.
- 6.30-7.0 a.m. Programme S.B. from London.

SATURDAY, December 26th.

- 4.0. The Majestic Symphonic Dance Orchestra, under the personal direction of Fred Kitchen and Harry Davidson.
- 5.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- Christmas Eve with Granter Daisy and Uncle Thosias.
- 5.50. Children's Letters.
- 6.0. The Scala Symphony Orchestra, relayed from the Scala Theatre, Leeds.
- 6.30-7.0 a.m. Programme S.B. from London.

Leeds-Bradford Programmes.

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Week Beginning Sunday, Dec. 20th.

SUNDAY, December 20th.

- 3.30-5.45. STAR BALLAD CONCERT, S.B. from London.
- 8.15. SERVICE, relayed from Queen Street Congregational Chapel, Leeds. Address by the Rev. W. J. TUNBRIDGE.
- 9.0-10.30. Programme S.B. from London.

MONDAY, December 21st.

- 4.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 4.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- An Interrupted Evening with Uncle Thosias.
- 5.0. Children's Letters.
- 6.0. Musical Interlude.
- 7.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from London.

TUESDAY, December 22nd.

- 11.30-12.30. The Harrogate Royal Bath Quartet. Conductor, Cecil Moon. Relayed from Harrogate.
- 4.0. The Majestic Symphonic Dance Orchestra, under the personal direction of Fred Kitchen and Harry Davidson.
- 5.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- We Go Plumbing with Uncle Thosias.
- 5.50. Children's Letters.
- 6.0. Musical Interlude.
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London.
- 7.10. "The Art Side of Architecture," by Mr. Norman Culley, F.R.I.B.A.
- 7.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London.

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

- 11.30-12.30. Music.
- 4.0. The Scala Symphony Orchestra, relayed from the Scala Theatre, Leeds.
- 5.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- Milly's Party with Auntie Nora.
- 5.50. Children's Letters.
- 6.0. The Station Trio.
- 7.0. Programme S.B. from London.
- 7.35. Horticultural Talk.
- 7.40. "On My Anvil," by the Smiles.
- 8.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from London.

THURSDAY, December 24th.

- 11.30-12.30. The Harrogate Royal Bath Quartet, relayed from Harrogate. Under the direction of Cecil Moon.
- 4.0. The Majestic Symphonic Dance Orchestra, under the personal direction of Fred Kitchen and Harry Davidson.
- 5.0. Dr. Frank Hutchinson FRCS (S) "Heroes of Truth."
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- Christmas Eve with Granter Daisy and Uncle Thosias.
- 5.50-6.0. Children's Letters.
- 6.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London.

(Continued in previous column.)

Sheffield Programmes.

6FL 301 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, Dec. 20th.

SUNDAY, December 20th.

- 11.30-12.30. STAR BALLAD CONCERT, S.B. from London.
- 8.0. ORGAN RECITAL, S.B. from London.
- 8.15. SERVICE, relayed from St. Paul's Church.
- 9.0-10.30. Programme S.B. from London.

MONDAY, December 21st.

- 11.30-12.30. Gramophone Record: 4.0. Mr. Clifford K. Wright, L.A.: "Island of Utopia; Utopias and Civilisation."
- 4.15. Orchestra, relayed from the Grand Hotel.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 8.30. Programme S.B. from London.
- 8.45. Sports Talk by Mr. William Harrow.
- 7.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from London.

TUESDAY, December 22nd.

- 4.0. Book Talk by the Rev. Dr. Frank Hutchinson.
- 4.15. Orchestra, under the direction of John Windie, relayed from the Café of Messrs. T. and J. Roberts.
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 5.50-6.0. Children's Letters.
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London.
- 7.10. Station Director's Talk.
- 7.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London.

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

- 4.0. Kate Baldwin "Sweets for the Christmas Party."
- 4.15. Concert.
- 5.15-6.0. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London.
- 7.10. Horticultural Talk.
- 7.40. Mr. GUY BROWN: "Santa Claus."
- 8.0. "Round the Nations."
- 10.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from London.

THURSDAY, December 24th.

- 4.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 4.15. Orchestra, relayed from the Albert Hall.
- 5.15-6.0. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- Santa Claus is expected at the Sheffield Studio before he starts on his annual round; so, kiddies, send him a letter early in the week, so the Aunts and Uncles, Sheffield Relay Station. The Dream Lady will sing, and Auntie Win will accompany her on the piano.
- 6.30-7.0. Programme S.B. from London.

FRIDAY, December 25th.

- 11.0. ANNUAL UNITED SERVICE of the Sheffield Congregational Association, relayed from Netter Chapel. The Chairman Mr. JAMES BLOSSOM, M.B.E., J.P., will be given by a UNITED CHOIR under the conductorship of Dr. HENRY COWARD M.A.
- 2.0-4.15. Programme S.B. from London.

SATURDAY, December 26th.

- 4.0. Afternoon Topics.
- 4.15. Orchestra, under the direction of John Windie, relayed from the Café of Messrs. T. and J. Roberts.
- 5.15-6.0. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 6.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London.

Glasgow Programmes.

Continued from the previous page.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26th.

- 4.0. The Wireless Quartet and Queenie Arthur (Soprano)
- 5.0. Musical Topics.
- 15. CHILDREN'S CORNER. The Radio Circle Choir will perform the Cantata, "The Witch of the Wood" (Jenny).
- 6.0. Weather Forecast for Far
- 17. Light Music. S.B. from London
- WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS. Major L. R. TOSWILL: "The
- 18.0. Local News
- 7.30. Musical Interlude. S.B. from London
- 8.40. MR. JOHN SWELFIE MARSHALL: "A Bird of the River
- 8.45. A. H. H. MASCATH: "HOLD with JOHN HENRY. S.B. from London
- SIDNEY FIRMEN'S CAVOUR DANCE BAND. S.B. from London
- 10.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS. Local News
- 10.15. SIDNEY FIRMEN'S CARLTON HOTEL DANCE BAND. S.B. from London
- 10.30. THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from London
- 11.0. Close down.

GLASGOW NEWS.

MUSIC lovers within range of the Glasgow Station will be interested to note the inclusion in the programme of December 21st and 22nd of works by Mr J. H. Foulds, one of the most versatile and original of modern composers. Mr. Foulds can look back upon ten years with the Hallé Orchestra and to no extraordinarily diversified practical experience, including work as pianist, conductor and composer. In these several roles he has covered much ground, and he came much into prominence during his tenure of the musical directorship of the Y.M.C.A. Central Orchestra, which is admitted to be one of the finest amateur orchestras in London. His compositions, some of which assume the changing narrative and lyrical form of a "Music-poem," have always been well received, and perhaps his most successful performance was the conducting of his own "World Requiem" at the Albert Hall on Armistice Day 1923, before the Prince of Wales and an enthusiastic audience. He was responsible for the incidental music to Shaw's "St. Joan" and "Kathleen" is, perhaps, the work by which he is most widely known.

The Story of Mozart.

On December 22nd the story of Mozart will be told, with illustrations of his music. "Tragedy has often played a part in the life of great musicians, as witness the blindness of Beethoven and the total deafness of Schubert. With Mozart, life was ever a struggle, for though his figure, Giovanni, and Marie Flute were recognized as works of genius, as financial and other difficulties threw him into a state of morbid gloom and depression, in which he died. The great master found a pauper's grave, and the only three friends who would follow his body he returned back—his body returned.

2EH

Edinburgh Programmes.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 20th.

328 M

SUNDAY, December 20th.

- 3.30. STAN BAILLAD CONCERT. S.B. from London
- 8.0. ORG. AN. BAILLAD. S.B. from London
- 8.15-8.30. RELIGIOUS SERVICE conducted by the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., of London Livingstone, Ex-Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland
- 9.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS. Local News
- 9.15-10.30. Programme S.B. from London

MONDAY, December 21st.

- 3.30. Patrick Thomson's (P.T.S.) Orchestra
- 4.0. Afternoon Talk
- 4.15. Patrick Thomson's Orchestra
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5.50. Children's Letters
- 6.0. Musical Interlude
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London
- 6.40. Lady Margaret Bevilacqua, "A Traveler's Tale—1465"
- 7.0-11.0. Programme S.B. from London

TUESDAY, December 22nd.

- 11.30-12.30. Gramophone Records and Margaret Robson (Contralto)
- 3.0. The Station Piano-forte Trio
- 4.0. Afternoon Talk
- 4.15. Miranda and his Band of the Edinburgh Palace de Danse
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5.50. Children's Letters
- 6.0. Musical Interlude
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London
- 7.10. Prof. ERNEST WEDDERBURN D.Sc., "Fresh Water Lochs"
- 7.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

- 3.0. The Station Piano-forte Trio
- 4.0. Afternoon Talk
- 4.15. Patrick Thomson's Orchestra
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5.50. Children's Letters
- 6.0. Musical Interlude
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London
- 7.35. Mr J. S. CHISHOLM Horticultural Talk
- 7.40. Programme S.B. from London

A Cheery Evening.

MIRIAM WOOD (Dramatic Soprano)
RAY ORMONDE (Bass)
THE "FUTURISTS"
CONCERT PARTY

8.0.

"AFFINITIES"

A Tragic Play in One Act.
By Vernon Woodhouse

Cast

Edward Richboro

GEORGE TRIST

Harry Sherwood

LENNIS OVE

LOUIE MACRAE

ANNE MURRAY

DUNN (A 1)

Presented by

NANCY SHAW

Scene: The bachelor flat of

Edward Richboro

8.25.

MIRIAM WOOD
"A Legend" Tchaikovsky
"Christmas Eve" Brahms
"Ring Out, Wild Bells" Gounod

8.35.

RAY ORMONDE
"The Victim" Tennyson
"Ernie Goes to a Bazaar" Hugh P. Hill

8.47.

MIRIAM WOOD
"The Star of Bethlehem" Adam
"The Gift" Beethoven
"Adieu" Schumann

8.57.

RAY ORMONDE
"The Whistle" Murray
"A 1" Murray
"Aren't Men Funny?" Hindu Hedlam

9.10.

The Concert Party
will Present a Programme of
Song, Story and Jest
Typifying the Post-ve Season

Prologue and Opening Chorus

"H. V. A. S. A. Brown"

"May Moon"

"Bono Fama"

"The Night Wind"

"One Little One More"

"Hoodoo Man"

"Why Shouldn't I?"

"Has Anyone Seen My Pom?"

"Xmas Shopping"

"Fantasme"

"Will You Remember Me?"

10.0-11.0.

Programme S.B. from London

11.0-12.0.

"THE ROMANY REVELLERS" from the Dundee Palace de Danse

THURSDAY, December 24th.

- 11.30-12.30. Gramophone Records
- 3.0. The Station Piano-forte Trio
- 4.0. Afternoon Talk
- 4.15. Patrick Thomson's Orchestra
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER
- 5.50. Children's Letters
- 6.0. Musical Interlude
- 6.30. Programme S.B. from London

10.20.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS
by
THE EDINBURGH STATION
SINGERS

Under the Direction of

L. SHEPHERD MUNN

"A Babe is Born in Bethlehem"

"In Dulce Jubilo"

"In Dulce Jubilo"

"Unto Us is Born a Son"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

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"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

"I Was Born on Christmas Day"

10.50-12.0. THE SAVOY BANDS
TIME SIGNAL 12.00
BEN S.B. from London

FRIDAY, December 25th.

- 3.0-4.15. Programme S.B. from London
- 4.15. Miranda and his Band, from the Edinburgh Palace de Danse
- 5.15. CHILDREN'S CORNER. Special Christmas Programme
- 6.0. Musical Interlude
- 6.30-2.0 a.m. Programme S.B. from London

SATURDAY, December 26th.

- 3.0-6.0. Concert for Children. In Aid of the Courant Fund for the Poor Children of Edinburgh. Under the Patronage of the Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Sir W. L. SLEIGH and Lady SLEIGH. Relieved from the Usher Hall. The Concert will be conducted by the Usher and Aunts of the Edinburgh Station, with the assistance of "THE ROMANY REVELLERS" from the Dundee Palace de Danse.
- 6.30-12.0. Programme S.B. from London

EDINBURGH NEWS.

ALMOST every one knows that the Edinburgh Station Singers are a very successful and popular body. They have been singing for many years, and their performances are always well received. They are now preparing for their Christmas concert, which will be held at the Usher Hall on Friday, December 25th. The concert will be a very attractive one, and it is hoped that many people will attend it. The Edinburgh Station Singers are a very successful and popular body, and their performances are always well received.

One of the most important events in the history of the Edinburgh Station Singers is the Christmas concert, which is held every year. This year's concert will be held at the Usher Hall on Friday, December 25th. The concert will be a very attractive one, and it is hoped that many people will attend it. The Edinburgh Station Singers are a very successful and popular body, and their performances are always well received. They are now preparing for their Christmas concert, which will be held at the Usher Hall on Friday, December 25th. The concert will be a very attractive one, and it is hoped that many people will attend it. The Edinburgh Station Singers are a very successful and popular body, and their performances are always well received.

**2BE
440 M.**

BELFAST PROGRAMMES.

**Week Beginning
December 20th.**

The letters L.B. printed in italics in these programmes signify a simultaneous broadcast from the station mentioned.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th.

- 4.30-5.40.—STAR BALLAD CONCERT. *S.B. from London.*
THE BELFAST RADIO TRIO
ALBERT FITZGERALD
(Solo)
BERNARD DOBSON
(Cello).
G. O'CONNOR MORRIS
(Piano Forte)
- 8.30. THE TRIO
Trio No. 3, Op. 1.. *Beethoven*
6.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
Local News
- 9.10. THE STATION CHOIR
Hymn. "O Come, O Come,
Scripture Reading
Anthem, "O King, and Desire of
Nations, Come!"... *Stainer*
The Rev. J. M. HALLIDAY, of
Clifton Park Congregational
Church, Adopts.
Choir Hymn, "When Shades of
Night Around Us Close"
Closing Prayer and Benediction.
10. Programme *S.B. from London*
11. Close down

MONDAY, Dec. 21st.

- 4.1. Miss Florence Irwin. Talk for
Housewives, "Christmas Fare—
The Turkey and Goose; Their
Terminology."
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
JAMES JOHNSTON
(Conductor)
- 4.15. THE ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Lubassa" } *Strakosky*
Symphonic Poem, "Die Mehlau" }
"So to Mozartiana," Op. 51
Gigue, Minuet, Theme; Variation
(Violin Solo).
- 4.50. JAMES JOHNSTON
Sue's Moon
Faughan Williams
"Molly Brannigan" *Stainer*
"Maiden of Morven" *Stainer*
- 5.2. ERNEST A. A. STONELLY
and PAULINE BARKER
Mazurka on the Bach Prelude for
Solo Violin and Harp... *Gounod*
- 5.10. THE ORCHESTRA
Three Extracts... *Shostakovich*
Under the Linden Tree, "In
the Springtime"; "Dance of
the Dragon Flies."
Zemlinski's "Czardas," Op. 103
Gungl
- 5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
6.0-6.15.—Children's Letters.
6.40.—Radio Society Talk. *S.B.*
from London.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
French Dramatic Reading. *S.B.*
from London.
- 7.15. Musical Interlude. *S.B. from*
London.
- 7.45.—Programme *S.B. from London.*
- 8.15. "Radio Radiance."
(1st Edition.)
A Rouser in Fourteen Beams.
Played by a
COMPANY OF WELL-KNOWN
LONDON ARTISTS.
Including
EDDIE MORRIS.

- JEAN ALLISTONE.
JAMES WHIGHAM
IRIS WHITE.
TOMMY HANDLEY.
MAURIE DUNHAM
And
CHORUS OF DANCING
RADIOS
Backed by JACK HILLIER
Piano and JACK HILLIER
Drum
JAY S. T. H. R. R.
R. F. F. R. R.
- 10.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.
Prof. GEORGE GORDON
The Humour of the Great
Books—Charles Lamb. *S.B.*
from Oxford.
- 10.30. WILKIE BARD.
S.B. from London.
- 11.0.—Close down.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22nd.

- 11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.
4.0.—James Stewart, Poetry Recital
of the Works of Elizabeth
Shakespeare.
VIOLET CURRAN (Soprano).
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
THE STATION DANCE
BAND.
- Concert Music.**
- 4.15. THE ORCHESTRA.
Symphony No. 40 in G Minor
Mozart
- 4.40. VIOLET CURRAN
"The Goodbye Song" *D. M. Stewart*
"An Old Carol" *Quilter*
"I Heard a Piper Playing"
"Phyllis was a Fair Maid"
Stainer
- 4.52. THE BAND.
Fox-trot, "If You Know Sazie"
De Sylva
Fox-trot, "Cluck, Cluck, Cluck"
Melodys
One-step, "Oh, Oh, Isn't He
Slow?" *Brann*
Fox-trot, "When My Sugar
Walks" *Brann*
Waltz, "John Brought the Rose"
Leopoldine
- Fox-trot, "Come a Little Closer"
Brann
- One-step, "Carnival Time"
Hickman Smith
- Fox-trot, "Tea for Two"
Folkman
- Fox-trot, "Toy Drum Major"
Nichols
- 5.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER.
Songs by Aunt Muriel; Harp
Solo by Aunt Pauline; Stories
of Christmas-time.
- 6.10-6.15. Children's Letters.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.
M. N. L. P. C. M. A. M. A.
from London.
- 7.30.—Musical Interlude. *S.B. from*
London.
- 7.40.—MR. DESMOND MACARTHEY:
Literary Criticism. *S.B. from*
London.
- "From My Window," by PHIL-
MON. *S.B. from London.*
THE ELSTER MALE
VOICE CHOIR:
Conducted by
CHARLES J. BRENNAN,
THE BELFAST RADIO
STRING QUARTET.

- 8.0. THE CHOIR
"King of Worlds" *A. David Jones*
- 8.12. THE CHOIR
"Trio da Cavaleria" *Hubert*
- 8.17. THE CHOIR
"The Phantom Host" *F. Hegar*
Methodist College
Prize Day Concert.
By
THE COLLEGE CHOIR and
ALLEGRIED ORCHESTRA
Conductor
ERNEST A. A. STONELLY
(Director of Music at Methodist
College)
Relayed from Clatter Hall.
- 8.25.—"Jerusalem" *J. S. G. J.*
- 8.30. Cantata, "Kiss Kiss" for
Contra Solo. *C. J. G. J.*
Orchestra *Leopoldine*
(Soloist, GLADYS PALMER.)
- 9.3.—Prof. JAMES A. LINDSAY
M.A., M.D., Chairman of the
Board of Governors of Methodist
College, will introduce the Vice
Chancellor of Queen's University,
Belfast.
- 9.12.—Speech by Dr R. W. LIVING-
STONE (Vice-Chancellor of
Queen's University, Belfast)
- 9.27. ERNEST A. A. STONELLY
Solo Violin
"La Ménétrière" *Wieniawski*
"Capriccio Venetian" *Kreisler*
- 9.37. LADIES' LIPS
Selected Items
- 9.50. THE GUEST
March from the "O."
Chabrier
from London.
- 10.0. WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
MR. FILLSON YOUNG, "Christ-
mas Presents." *S.B. from*
London.
- 10.30.—BERT FIRMAN'S CARL-
TON HOTEL DANCE OR-
CHESTRA. *S.B. from*
- 12.0.—Close down

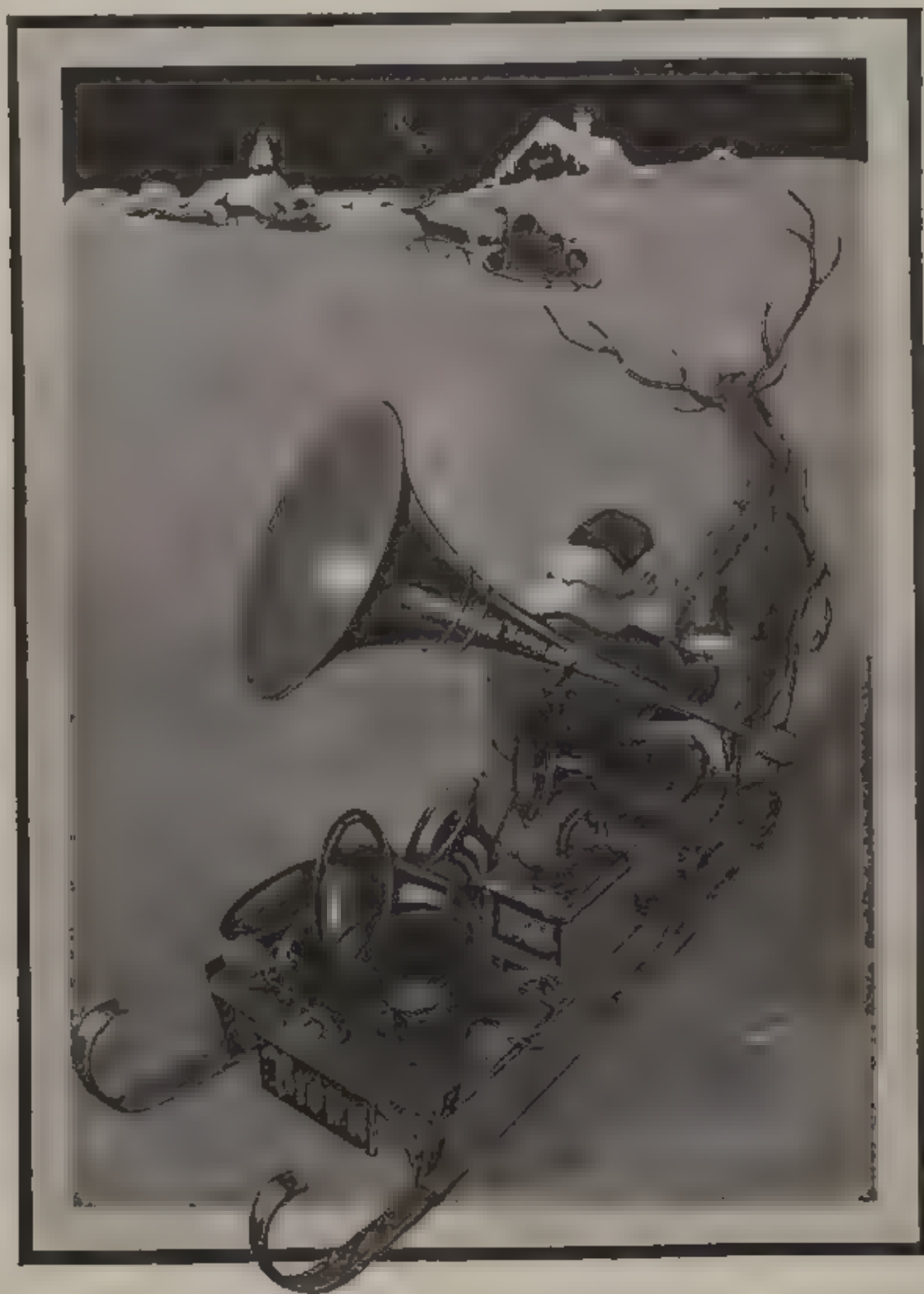
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23rd.

- 4.0.—Afternoon Talk
GLADYS PALMER (Contralto);
MONA HARTUP (Violin)
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 4.15. THE ORCHESTRA
March, "Rooking" *Bryman*
"Eight National Dances"
Tchaikovsky
Polish: French Romance, Bo-
hemian, Russian, Italian, Ro-
manian, Neapolitan.
- 4.35. LADIES' PALMER
"Dawn" *Holst*
"Surely the Time for Making
Songs Has Gone" *Hopars*
"P..." *Erie Fogg*
"A Song of the O..." *F. la Forge*
- 4.47. THE ORCHESTRA.
"Cavatina" for Violin and Or-
chestra... *Raff*
(Soloist, MONA HARTUP.)
- 5.0. GLADYS PALMER
"Stambol, Beloved" (Christmas
Oratorio) *Bach*

- The Birds" *Alce Ren...*
"Lullaby, Lullaby" *Bell-Hehem*
Walter Baughman
- 5.12. THE ORCHESTRA
"In an Orchestral
Descriptive"
"The..."
"The..."
- 5.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER
Raymond, Songs and a Story
or Very Small Children's
Songs by Uncle Albert. A Story
by...
- 6.0.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
Musical Society. The H
Voice. Talk prepared by
The... *S.B. from*
London.
- 7.30. Musical Interlude. *S.B. from*
London.
- 7.35. Programme *S.B. from London*
- 10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
MR. EDWARD CRUSKY: "The
Fugue in Adventure—The
Road to Knowledge." *S.B. from*
Manchester.
- 10.30. MR. HARRY LAUDER.
S.B. from London.
- 11.0.—Close down.

THURSDAY, Dec. 24th.

- 4.0.—Afternoon Talk
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
STIRLING MORTIMER (Bass)
S. H. DARYL (Flute)
E. J. HARRIS (Clarinet)
- 4.15. THE ORCHESTRA
Dance Music, For
Melody in F...
Descriptive vs. Fantasy "Ch..."
Seybold
- 4.35. STIRLING MORTIMER
"From the..." *H. Oliver*
"In Norley Woods" *Arabe*
"When the Sun Goes Home"
Fly" *M. V. I.*
- 5.0.—First Grand Duo Concertante,
for Flute and Clarinet. *Clifton*
(Soloists, S. H. DARYL and
E. J. HARRIS)
10. THE ORCHESTRA
"Clifton's Overture" *Qu...*
Melody of Children's Nursery
Tunes, Part I
Christmas Medley
- 5.30. CHILDREN'S CORNER
Christmas Eve Stories: Story
on Double Bass by Uncle Harry,
Songs by Aunt Margorie.
- 6.10-6.15.—Children's Letters.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS
MR. CARL HARDENBUCK on
"Radio Music" *J.*
Local News
- 7.30.—Musical Interlude. *S.B. from*
London.
- 7.35.—Market Prices for Farmers.
S.B. from London.
- 7.40.—Talk. *S.B. from London*
(Continued on the next page.)



LOUD SPEAKERS **Crown** AND HEADPHONES

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Right Brown
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Left
Brown
Cabinet
Loud Speaker






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THIS Xmas choose a Radio gift which will give pleasure the whole year round. All the Brown Wireless Instruments illustrated on this page are British made and represent the highest standard of manufacture. Each one carries the fullest guarantee. Remember, the first Wireless Loud Speaker was a Brown—from that day to this, Brown superiority in design has never been challenged. Every Wireless shop carries a full range of all these instruments.

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50	8000 ohms	60

New A type. The new reed-type phones unequalled for sensitivity. Wonderful value at 30 -

2000 ohms

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H.1 (2000 ohms)	£4 18 0	H.2 (2000 ohms)	£2 6 0
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**WISHES HIS WIRELESS REALM A HAPPY XMAS
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ELECTRON SET ^{Crystal} **FREE**
FOR PERFECT RECEPTION

A 'ROYAL' XMAS GIFT

To celebrate the introduction of SUPERIAL, the King of Aerials, we are presenting one of our world-famous ELECTRON CRYSTAL SETS to every purchaser of one of the renowned ELECTRON 2-Valve AMPLIFIERS. The Crystal Set is exactly as supplied by us at 15/-, each one being taken from stock. It gives perfect reception, and as the illustration shows its novel design makes it an attractive ornament.

Operated in conjunction with the ELECTRON AMPLIFIER perfect loudspeaker reception is assured. The ELECTRON 2-valve AMPLIFIER provides perfect loud-speaker reception without the oscillation and other faults of tuning-in ordinary valve sets. The new ideas in the ELECTRON AMPLIFIER retain and enhance Crystal reception. Simplicity itself, totally closed. It is impossible to make a mistake—one control, no grid bias. Special care. When used with D.E. valves only 2 volt accumulator is necessary, and under 60 volt H.T.

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SUPERIAL is the King of Aerials. No greater proof of this is needed than the manner in which it is being adopted all over the world. Those who KNOW tell us that since they installed SUPERIAL their reception has improved beyond description. This is because SUPERIAL is of distinctive 'build'. It is a mathematical combination of heavily tinned strands around a plated copper core. Better still, it has a particularly heavy rubber insulation which not only minimises all possible chance of leakage but abolishes insulators. Being strongly taped and braided it is weatherproof and practically everlasting.

Could one desire a better aerial than this, which fulfils all the requirements of the earnest experimenter as well as the amateur.

SUPERIAL brings in the most distant stations with as much ease as the nearest local station, because its peculiar construction makes it particularly suited for long distance reception.

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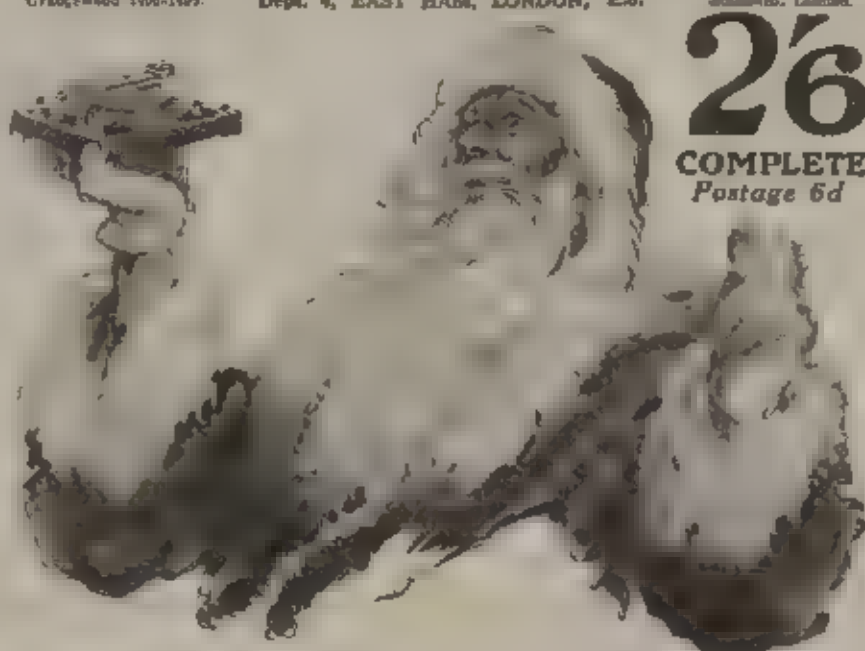
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The Star of Bethlehem

We should indeed be unthankful if this Season of Good Fellowship passed without an expression of gratitude to Cossor Valve users for their steadfast loyalty and enthusiasm Xmas 1925

The
But
The
And
With

Cossor Valves

45/-

C.A.V.

The World's Best RADIO PRODUCTIONS

We offer a wide choice in Loud Speakers, from the popular Tom Tit at 27'6 to a handsome Cabinet model at £5 5s. All are designed and constructed with one aim—to reproduce the broadcast programmes with clarity and volume. As a Christmas gift a Loud Speaker will be most acceptable, and by choosing C.A.V. you will be regarded as a discriminating purchaser, satisfied with nothing less than the best.

The New Junior

An excellent loud speaker for home use. It is a small, compact, and efficient model, with a clear, sweet tone. Price 27'6.

Standard Model

A more powerful and efficient model, with a clear, sweet tone. Price 35'0.

Cabinet Loud Speaker

A handsome and efficient model, with a clear, sweet tone. Price £5 5s.

TAKE THE EXPERTS' ADVICE.

We have just supplied H.M. Royal Air Force with a quantity of C.A.V. Standard Loud Speakers. Many firms tendered but C.A.V. was chosen after two months' comparative test.

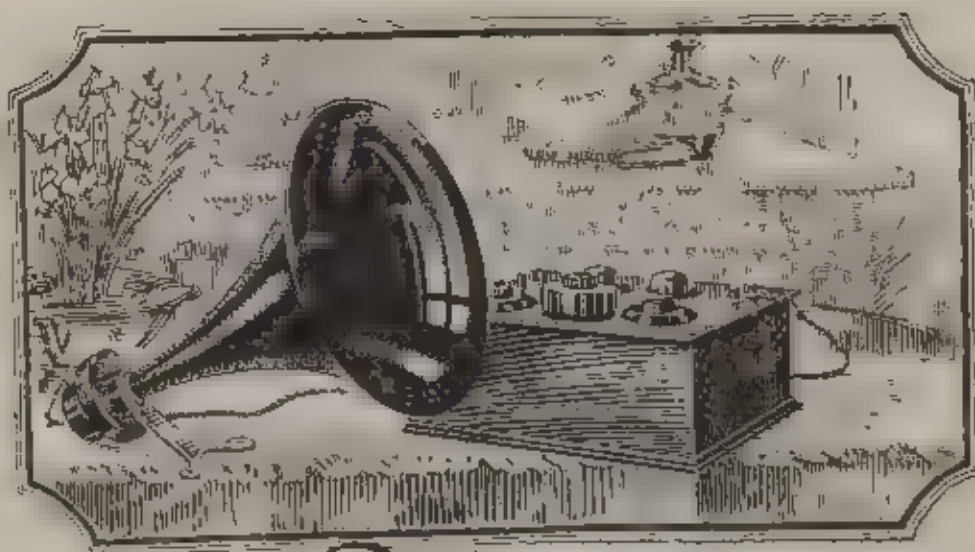
Ask your Wireless Dealer, or any C.A.V. Service Station to give a demonstration.

C.A. Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
ACTON VALE LONDON W 3

Manchester 2nd November 1925.

The Cabinet Loud Speaker I find really excellent. I have tried a good many of the popular types but this is the first one that has been right. It compares more favourably with the horns and I am convinced that it is only a question of time before the variety of the super-reproduction will be in general circumstances.

(Name and address on request)



The Best Value in Radio

THE combination of the B.T.H. 2 Valve L.F. Receiver and the B.T.H. Type C8 Loud Speaker undoubtedly represents the best value in radio. Good loud speaker results are given within 20-30 miles of a B.B.C. main station or 100 miles of Daventry.

B.T.H. 2 valve L.F. Receiver	—	£	6	0	0
Royalty	—	£	1	5	0
B.T.H. Type C8 Loud Speaker	—	£	1	15	0
TOTAL (less valves and batteries)			9	0	0

The B.T.H. 2-Valve L.F. Receiver

The circuit employed is a detector valve with one stage of L.F. amplification. A neat plug in aerial and reactance unit covering a range of 300 to 500 metres is provided. A similar unit is available for 1500 to 1800 metres at an extra price of 18s. The set is contained in a handsomely finished case.

The B.T.H. Type C8 Loud Speaker

This is an efficient but moderately priced instrument. Both body and cone are constructed of chaco or coloured non-resonant material which gives a beautifully mellow tone.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration and for copies of leaflets R.733 & R.743D

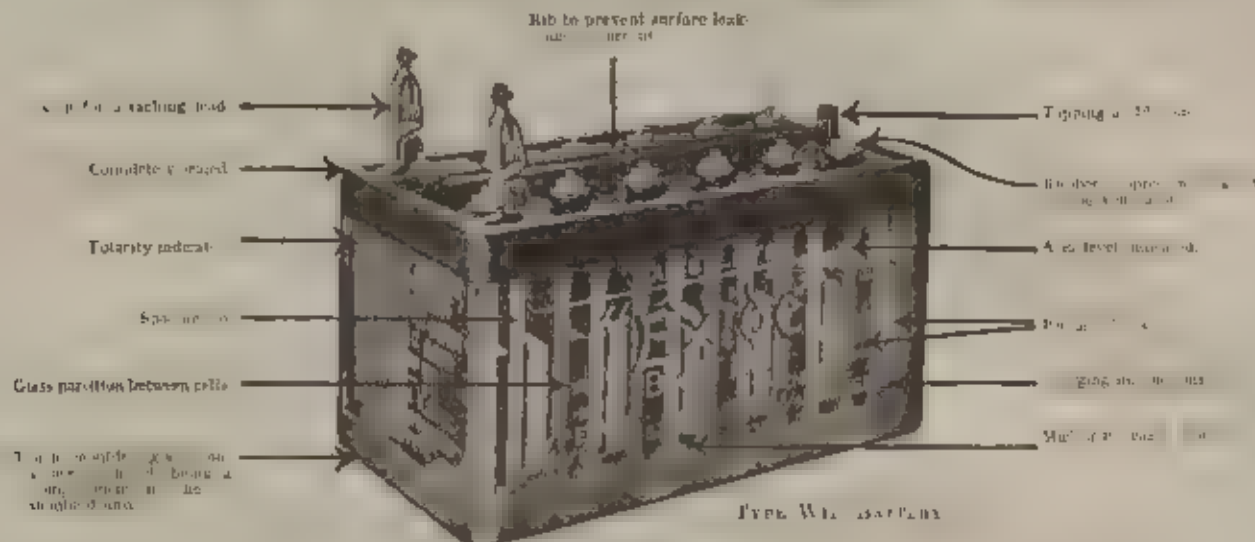
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the Best of All*

B.T.H. RADIO



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A New H.T. Battery

This new WH type High Tension Battery incorporates the most advanced features of battery design, giving absolute freedom from the voltage fluctuations and consequent noises associated with dry batteries, with a total absence of the ripple of "smoothed out" alternating current supplies.

The special features of this battery are:

It need be recharged only once every six months when used for wireless or similar work.

It is supplied in a dry-charged condition and can be put into operation immediately after filling with acid, but a freshening charge should be given during the first month.

A rubber apron completely covers the battery. The container is of tinned galvanized steel and is completely sealed. The acid level is plainly marked.

The acid level is marked on the battery.

The acid level is marked on the battery.

PRICE 24 Volt WH Battery **35/-**

48v, 72v, 96v, 120v, 144v, pro rate

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THE IDEAL
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MADE AT THE LARGEST BATTERY WORKS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.



Another CLEARTRON product—

The CONSOLE MASTER SPEAKER

STANDARD MODEL

(Mahogany or Oak) £12 - 12 - 0

The Console Master Speaker another CLEARTRON product, ingeniously combines a powerful loud-speaker unit, and sufficient room to house all spare kit.

The loudspeaker brings great volume with exceptional purity. Designed on gramophone principles, a specially constructed tone-arm and a wooden sound-box mean complete elimination of metallic harshness. They are located behind the silk-covered grill.

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(Mahogany or Oak) £16 - 16 - 0

On either side is sufficient cabinet room to house batteries and all necessary accessories. One pull of the handle lowers away the whole of the front, giving access to both loudspeakers and batteries. It is supported by h-t-latches and, when down, acts as a shelf or tray on to which the batteries may be drawn. The unit 30in. high 18in. wide 18in. deep at the rear allows wire lead-ins and ventilation of battery gases. Superbly designed and of excellent finish.

Send for full particulars of the CLEARTRON Console Master Speaker.

The IRONCLAD GUARANTEE definitely ensures instant replacement in the event of any CLEARTRON product not giving positively perfect service.

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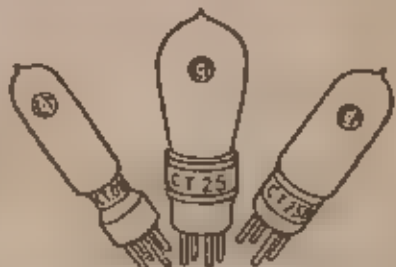
Telephone: Regent 2211/2. 'Gram: CLEARTRON, WESTRND.

CLEARTRON. America's foremost valve is now made by British labour in a first-class factory. Increasing definite quantities for fifty per cent. greater volume and one hundred per cent. greater distance.

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Also makers of American type CT.19 at 12/6. Full technical data on request. ALL CLEARTRON VALVES ARE FULL EMITTERS.

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America's foremost Valve made in Britain's newest factory with British bases for British sockets.

they have achieved instant success in the English market. At moderate initial cost and economic in use, they stand up to most exacting conditions. Ask your Dealer or send for full technical data.

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OURSELVES—AND THE

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Think of it! Seventeen years' patient study of the vagaries of our jolly impulsive friend, the electrical impulse. And our laboratory experts have come through with intellects unscathed. Nay! Not only unscathed, but brightly furbished. They were able to establish friendly contact with the electrical impulse; he helped them with their plans for building radio sound reproducing instruments and encouraged their scientific research. Now, this electrical impulse uses his electrical energy to bring the radio as far as your receiver. To get him to talk easily and naturally is an operation we have perfected with his own help and advice. Seventeen years' study of the best way to capture and transform this spirit of radio sound has helped us to build the best radio speakers of the age; his secrets are ours. Get a Brandes and you will know that the properties of radio sound are harnessed as effectually as you can possibly desire.

Any good dealer stocks Brandes.

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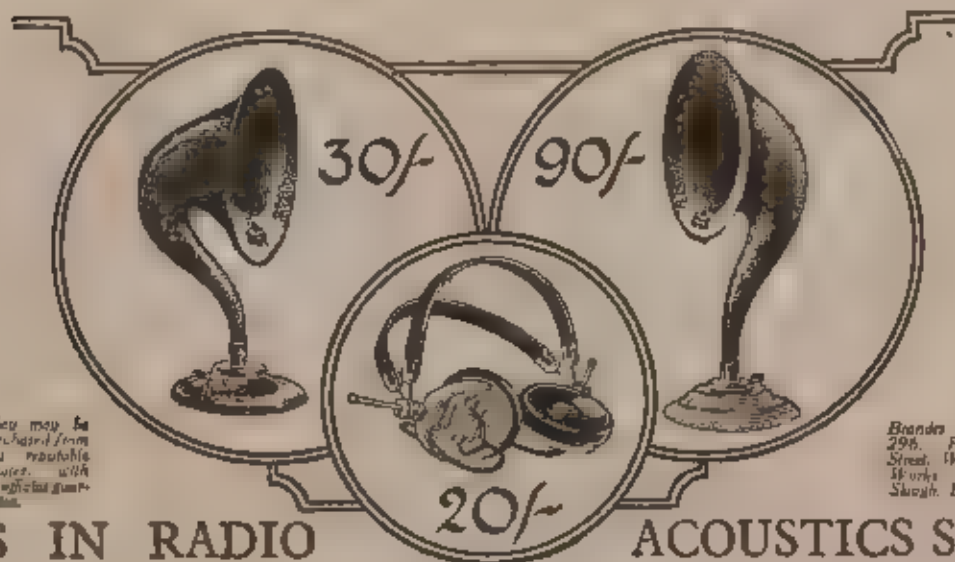
Material used in the construction of goose-neck horn eliminates metallic harshness. Adjustable. Height 18 ins., neutral brown finish, padded base.

MATCHED TONE HEADPHONES.

The synchronised effect of both receivers discloses a greater sensitivity and volume and richer tone. Light, comfortable and sturdy.

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Greater volume with minimum current input. Large diaphragm gives fulness to upper and lower registers. Walnut plinth and electro-plated fittings.



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*To charging
 Accumulator*

(during One Month)

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*I now use a P.M.4 at $\frac{1}{7}$
 the cost and only 2
 journeys instead of 14
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*The P.M.4 is the Finest Loudspeaker
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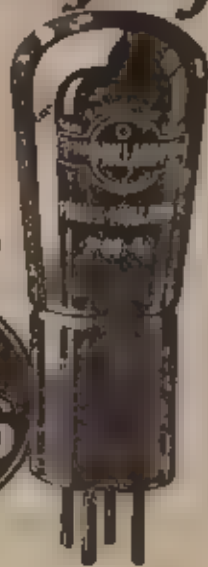
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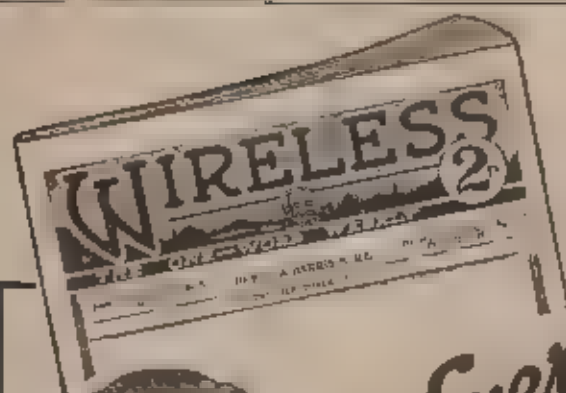
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22/6



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The Editor,
PERCY W. HARRIS, M.I.R.E.

*Every
Tuesday*

We all like
to read books that are
not above us, books
which always instruct
while giving pleasure.

To readers of the Radio Times, we can confidently say that "WIRELESS" (The One-Word Weekly), published every Tuesday, is the finest value obtainable for twopenny. The fifty-two pages which each issue contains have chatty news and views, interesting, instructive, constructional and topical articles which appeal to all members of the home.

For those desiring to build sets, efficiently yet cheaply, there is always a choice of crystal and valve receivers and the instructions for building are given in that clear, concise and easily followed style for which the publishers, the Radio Press Ltd., are so well known. During the Festive Season in particular, it is nice and useful too, to have a copy of "WIRELESS" (The One-Word Weekly) on the table, for all your friends and visitors are sure to be interested in wireless which has done more to bring pleasure right into the home than any other branch of science.

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Can you cut out your local station?
Can you separate Daventry from
Paris?

Till the advent of the Fellophone Eliminator this has been almost impossible except for experts possessing complicated, and usually very expensive, apparatus.

To-day, however, any ordinary listener can instantly obtain absolute selectivity by adding this wonderful and inexpensive attachment to his set. No skill at all is required to operate it. No alterations are necessary to an existing set.

Just connect up as shown on the instructions provided with the instrument and tune in the station you wish to cut out in the ordinary manner. Then move the eliminator knob until that station disappears. You will then be able to tune in any other station your set is capable of receiving without being troubled in any way by the first. The latter will have vanished entirely and will not reappear until the eliminator knob is again moved.

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Please write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS and register Cash or Treasury Notes. E.P.S. 169



The Fellophone Eliminator.

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Daventry and Radiola Paris
Coil, 4/6 extra.



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These mirrors are made of the best quality glass and are mounted on a sturdy frame. They are designed to give a wide field of vision and are suitable for use on all types of motor vehicles.

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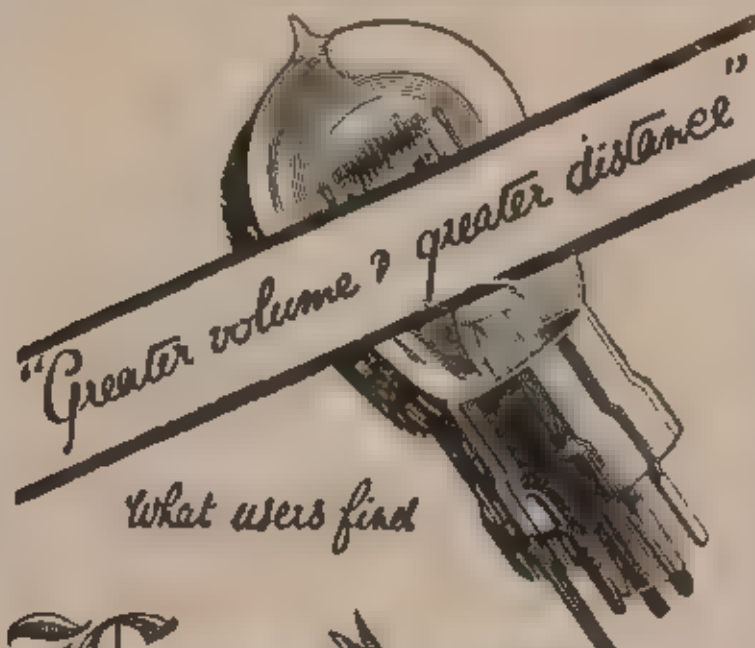
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are entirely new and are of the latest design. They are made of the best quality materials and are designed to give a long life and a powerful output.

Each model is self-contained with a cover and a carrying handle. They are suitable for use on all types of motor vehicles.

Model	Voltage	Capacity	Price
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RM 3	6	20	14/6
RM 4	6	25	16/6
RM 5	6	30	18/6
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RM 7	6	40	22/6
RM 8	6	45	24/6
RM 9	6	50	26/6
RM 10	6	55	28/6
RM 11	6	60	30/6
RM 12	6	65	32/6
RM 13	6	70	34/6
RM 14	6	75	36/6
RM 15	6	80	38/6
RM 16	6	85	40/6
RM 17	6	90	42/6
RM 18	6	95	44/6
RM 19	6	100	46/6
RM 20	6	105	48/6
RM 21	6	110	50/6
RM 22	6	115	52/6
RM 23	6	120	54/6
RM 24	6	125	56/6
RM 25	6	130	58/6
RM 26	6	135	60/6
RM 27	6	140	62/6
RM 28	6	145	64/6
RM 29	6	150	66/6
RM 30	6	155	68/6
RM 31	6	160	70/6
RM 32	6	165	72/6
RM 33	6	170	74/6
RM 34	6	175	76/6
RM 35	6	180	78/6
RM 36	6	185	80/6
RM 37	6	190	82/6
RM 38	6	195	84/6
RM 39	6	200	86/6
RM 40	6	205	88/6
RM 41	6	210	90/6
RM 42	6	215	92/6
RM 43	6	220	94/6
RM 44	6	225	96/6
RM 45	6	230	98/6
RM 46	6	235	100/6
RM 47	6	240	102/6
RM 48	6	245	104/6
RM 49	6	250	106/6
RM 50	6	255	108/6
RM 51	6	260	110/6
RM 52	6	265	112/6
RM 53	6	270	114/6
RM 54	6	275	116/6
RM 55	6	280	118/6
RM 56	6	285	120/6
RM 57	6	290	122/6
RM 58	6	295	124/6
RM 59	6	300	126/6
RM 60	6	305	128/6
RM 61	6	310	130/6
RM 62	6	315	132/6
RM 63	6	320	134/6
RM 64	6	325	136/6
RM 65	6	330	138/6
RM 66	6	335	140/6
RM 67	6	340	142/6
RM 68	6	345	144/6
RM 69	6	350	146/6
RM 70	6	355	148/6
RM 71	6	360	150/6
RM 72	6	365	152/6
RM 73	6	370	154/6
RM 74	6	375	156/6
RM 75	6	380	158/6
RM 76	6	385	160/6
RM 77	6	390	162/6
RM 78	6	395	164/6
RM 79	6	400	166/6
RM 80	6	405	168/6
RM 81	6	410	170/6
RM 82	6	415	172/6
RM 83	6	420	174/6
RM 84	6	425	176/6
RM 85	6	430	178/6
RM 86	6	435	180/6
RM 87	6	440	182/6
RM 88	6	445	184/6
RM 89	6	450	186/6
RM 90	6	455	188/6
RM 91	6	460	190/6
RM 92	6	465	192/6
RM 93	6	470	194/6
RM 94	6	475	196/6
RM 95	6	480	198/6
RM 96	6	485	200/6
RM 97	6	490	202/6
RM 98	6	495	204/6
RM 99	6	500	206/6
RM 100	6	505	208/6
RM 101	6	510	210/6
RM 102	6	515	212/6
RM 103	6	520	214/6
RM 104	6	525	216/6
RM 105	6	530	218/6
RM 106	6	535	220/6
RM 107	6	540	222/6
RM 108	6	545	224/6
RM 109	6	550	226/6
RM 110	6	555	228/6
RM 111	6	560	230/6
RM 112	6	565	232/6
RM 113	6	570	234/6
RM 114	6	575	236/6
RM 115	6	580	238/6
RM 116	6	585	240/6
RM 117	6	590	242/6
RM 118	6	595	244/6
RM 119	6	600	246/6
RM 120	6	605	248/6
RM 121	6	610	250/6
RM 122	6	615	252/6
RM 123	6	620	254/6
RM 124	6	625	256/6
RM 125	6	630	258/6
RM 126	6	635	260/6
RM 127	6	640	262/6
RM 128	6	645	264/6
RM 129	6	650	266/6
RM 130	6	655	268/6
RM 131	6	660	270/6
RM 132	6	665	272/6
RM 133	6	670	274/6
RM 134	6	675	276/6
RM 135	6	680	278/6
RM 136	6	685	280/6
RM 137	6	690	282/6
RM 138	6	695	284/6
RM 139	6	700	286/6
RM 140	6	705	288/6
RM 141	6	710	290/6
RM 142	6	715	292/6
RM 143	6	720	294/6
RM 144	6	725	296/6
RM 145	6	730	298/6
RM 146	6	735	300/6
RM 147	6	740	302/6
RM 148	6	745	304/6
RM 149	6	750	306/6
RM 150	6	755	308/6
RM 151	6	760	310/6
RM 152	6	765	312/6
RM 153	6	770	314/6
RM 154	6	775	316/6
RM 155	6	780	318/6
RM 156	6	785	320/6
RM 157	6	790	322/6
RM 158	6	795	324/6
RM 159	6	800	326/6
RM 160	6	805	328/6
RM 161	6	810	330/6
RM 162	6	815	332/6
RM 163	6	820	334/6
RM 164	6	825	336/6
RM 165	6	830	338/6
RM 166	6	835	340/6
RM 167	6	840	342/6
RM 168	6	845	344/6
RM 169	6	850	346/6
RM 170	6	855	348/6
RM 171	6	860	350/6
RM 172	6	865	352/6
RM 173	6	870	354/6
RM 174	6	875	356/6
RM 175	6	880	358/6
RM 176	6	885	360/6
RM 177	6	890	362/6
RM 178	6	895	364/6
RM 179	6	900	366/6
RM 180	6	905	368/6
RM 181	6	910	370/6
RM 182	6	915	372/6
RM 183	6	920	374/6
RM 184	6	925	376/6
RM 185	6	930	378/6
RM 186	6	935	380/6
RM 187	6	940	382/6
RM 188	6	945	384/6
RM 189	6	950	386/6
RM 190	6	955	388/6
RM 191	6	960	390/6
RM 192	6	965	392/6
RM 193	6	970	394/6
RM 194	6	975	396/6
RM 195	6	980	398/6
RM 196	6	985	400/6
RM 197	6	990	402/6
RM 198	6	995	404/6
RM 199	6	1000	406/6
RM 200	6	1005	408/6
RM 201	6	1010	410/6
RM 202	6	1015	412/6
RM 203	6	1020	414/6
RM 204	6	1025	416/6
RM 205	6	1030	418/6
RM 206	6	1035	420/6
RM 207	6	1040	422/6
RM 208	6	1045	424/6
RM 209	6	1050	426/6
RM 210	6	1055	428/6
RM 211	6	1060	430/6
RM 212	6	1065	432/6
RM 213	6	1070	434/6
RM 214	6	1075	436/6
RM 215	6	1080	438/6
RM 216	6	1085	440/6
RM 217	6	1090	442/6
RM 218	6	1095	444/6
RM 219	6	1100	446/6
RM 220	6	1105	448/6
RM 221	6	1110	450/6
RM 222	6	1115	452/6
RM 223	6	1120	454/6
RM 224	6	1125	456/6
RM 225	6	1130	458/6
RM 226	6	1135	460/6
RM 227	6	1140	462/6
RM 228	6	1145	464/6
RM 229	6	1150	466/6
RM 230	6	1155	468/6
RM 231	6	1160	470/6
RM 232	6	1165	472/6
RM 233	6	1170	474/6
RM 234	6	1175	476/6
RM 235	6	1180	478/6
RM 236	6	1185	480/6
RM 237	6	1190	482/6
RM 238	6	1195	484/6
RM 239	6	1200	486/6
RM 240	6	1205	488/6
RM 241	6	1210	490/6
RM 242	6	1215	492/6
RM 243	6	1220	494/6
RM 244	6	1225	496/6
RM 245	6	1230	498/6
RM 246	6	1235	500/6
RM 247	6	1240	502/6
RM 248	6	1245	504/6
RM 249	6	1250	506/6
RM 250	6	1255	508/6
RM 251	6	1260	510/6
RM 252	6	1265	512/6
RM 253	6	1270	514/6
RM 254	6	1275	516/6
RM 255	6	1280	518/6
RM 256	6	1285	520/6
RM 257	6	1290	522/6
RM 258	6	1295	524/6
RM 259	6	1300	526/6
RM 260	6	1305	528/6
RM 261	6	1310	530/6
RM 262	6	1315	532/6
RM 263	6	1320	534/6
RM 264	6	1325	536/6
RM 265	6	1330	538/6
RM 266	6	1335	540/6
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Louden VALVES

BRIGHT EMITTERS 4/6

Type F1 (the Plain Louden) for Detection and L.F. Amplification.
Type F2 (the Blue Louden) for H.F. Amplification.

Filament Volts - 4.5-5.
Filament Amps - 0.4.
Anode Volts - 40-80.

DULL EMITTERS 8/- and 9/-

4 Volt. 8 Volt.
Filament Amps - 0.1
Anode Volts - 40-80.

Note: These valves require only one-tenth of the current taken by ordinary bright emitters. They will also work through a 4 ft. d.c. or 6 ft. transformer without alteration to filament resistance or P.D. when ordering please state which type is required.

Postage on each Valve 4d. This must be enclosed with remittance.

"I am using the two valves, Type FFR1, L.F. Amplifier and I get both a gain of volume and area of distance. I would like to say that I am using one-seventh of the current taken by ordinary valves without any loss of brightness or with their performance. Louden Valves for me in future, whatever the price. What a happy name is 'Silver Crest'!"
H.H. Huxford

THE experience of this user will be yours as you use the Louden Valves in your set. Greater Volume and Greater Distance are given in comparison to all Loudens. The Dull Loudens (the types FFR1 and FFR2) have in addition the valuable property of reducing accumulator bills to one seventh. Their cost also is practically no more than is paid for bright emitters of other makes and you can put them to work for bright emitters without having to make any alterations at all to filament resistances or set.

Their wonderful low cost is due entirely to the New Direct Filament Policy which eliminates the intermediary profit and enables the wireless public to satisfy their radio requirements at a substantial reduction in price.

To obtain Louden Valves please fill in order form below and post direct to us with Remittance which must include Postage.

All Valves are fully guaranteed.
WRITE FOR SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

To the FELLOWS MAGNETO CO. LTD. Cumberland Avenue, Park Royal, Willesden, N.W. 10

Name _____
Address _____

Herewith Remittance value, £ _____ Please forward me _____ Louden Valves
Type _____ on conditions as per your advertisement.
Please write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS and register Cash or Treasury Notes.

117

XMAS OFFER

Our Christmas Sample Box will appeal to all Enthusiasts possessing Crystal or Crystal-Valve Sets.

Specially selected specimens (each backed with the guarantee of the House of Russell) embracing the various crystals most in use to-day.

Total value 8/6, the complete set as detailed below, together with a special cat-whisker and tweezer, is offered you at the remarkable price of 5/-

This unique offer is only open for a limited period.

If you are the owner of a Crystal or Crystal-Valve set and have not experimented with different types of crystals, you are missing a good deal of the enjoyment your possession offers. The fascination of "trying out" various combinations is considerable and you will find the process most informative and enlightening. You will understand how to obtain the best results from your set with consequent increase of enjoyment, hereafter.



Russell's Crystal Pyrites 5/-
Russell's Amethyst 5/-
Russell's Molybdenite 5/-

An acceptable gift which will give many hours of pleasure and instruction.

Enquire to-day of your usual Radio Dealer and, if you experience any difficulty in obtaining, we will supply direct on receipt of remittance.

The L. G. RUSSELL LABORATORIES
1/6, HILL STREET, BIRMINGHAM



HEADPHONES
20/- per pair.



Price £6 : 6 : 0

Standard Telephones and Cables Limited
CONNAUGHT HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2.
CENTRAL 7345 (10 Lines).

Works: — NORTH WOOLWICH, NEW SOUTHGATE and HENDON.
Branches: — Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Cardiff, Southampton, Liverpool and Dublin.

Standard
FORMERLY
Western Electric
RADIO APPARATUS

TO bring delight to all the household at Christmas it is essential to have good music, and this can be accomplished by Standard Radio apparatus.

The "KONE" Speaker has won fame upon sheer merit. It is the one musical instrument that is giving pleasure to thousands of keen musicians to-day.

Standard Headphones respond to the weakest signals and are, in addition to being super-sensitive, a pleasure to the wearer. The new headbands caress the head and the receivers can be worn for many hours without the slightest discomfort.

**Order Yours To-day
and ensure
a Happy Christmas.**



**Perfect long-distance reception
with the Ethophone V.—**



The sectional illustration below shows clearly the construction of the Anti-Phonetic Valve Holders fitted in the Ethophone V. and other Burndeft Receivers. Mechanical shocks and vibrations are absorbed by the four springs which support the valve holder proper, completely eliminating microphonic noises. As the valve sockets are counter-sunk, there is no danger of short circuits when inserting valves. The Anti-Phonetic Valve Holder is a standard Burndeft product.

PERFECT reception of distant stations is one of the features of the Ethophone V., one of the most popular Burndeft receivers. The loud speaker range of the instrument is at least 150 to 200 miles, but he for years is quite usual. Speech and music are reproduced with extraordinary purity of tone and volume. The three main controls are so arranged that the operation of the receiver is remarkably simple for its power and selectivity, and a special device is fitted to minimise "interference."

The Ethophone V. is specially designed for use with full-converter valves. The Burndeft Anti-Phonetic Valve Holders with which the instrument is fitted ensure the complete absence of microphonic noises, and prolong the life of the valves by protecting them against vibration and mechanical shocks.

In conjunction with the Ethovox Loud Speaker, the Ethophone V. forms what may truly be described as "the perfect wireless combination." Write for particulars of this guaranteed Burndeft Receiver. Demonstrations can be arranged. The Burndeft Range includes everything for radio reception, from components to complete installations.



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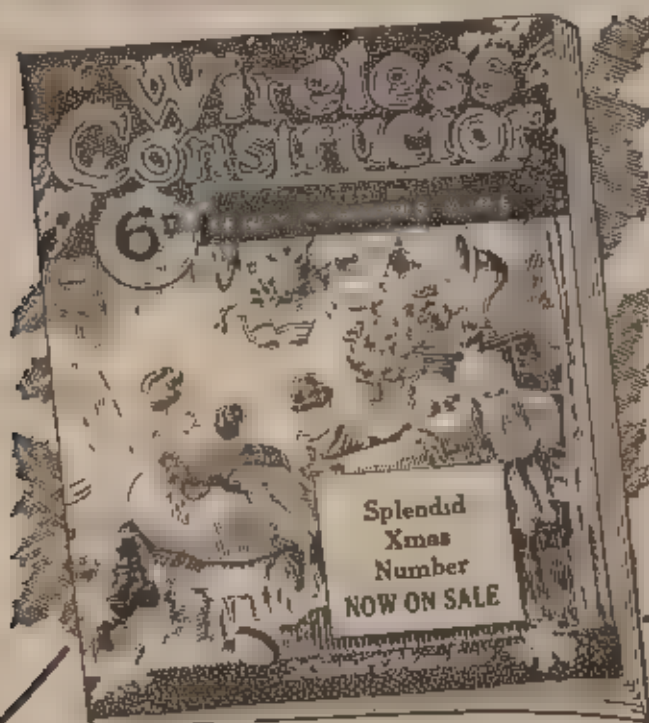
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The Christmas Season

is the most suited of all national holidays to the enjoyment of radio broadcast. The home gatherings, the desire to please and be pleased are all catered for in a most effective manner in every home where there is a wireless set.

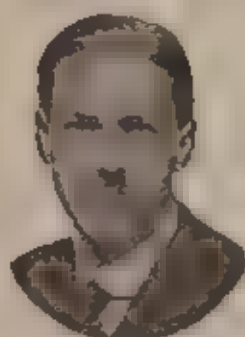
The Christmas Issue of the *Wireless Constructor* is now on sale and it is the sincere wish of the publishers that each and every reader will have a most Happy and Jolly Radio Christmas.

If you do not chance to have a set in your home you can in a few evenings easily build one of the excellent sets described in this issue. You have a choice of building either an "All-Purpose" Crystal Set, a Single or a Two-Valve Receiver, a Compact Two-Valve Receiver, a Single or a Two-Valve Set or a Three-Valve Loud Speaker Receiver and, for those interested in woodwork, there is also an article on "Making a Cabinet for your Set."

No one at one moment imagines this is all that is given you because there are many other interesting articles of great interest to constructors and for their articles which will give pleasure to those who are keen on getting the most enjoyment out of the wireless set they already own.

Those wishing to construct a set will find all the necessary instructions which when followed out will ensure the having built successfully and cheaply a wireless set that will bring pleasure to all this Festive Season and throughout the New Year to come.

Here are some more of the articles which assist in making this Christmas issue one that you will have in your home. You will get a lot of value for your money. The first article is "How to Build a Receiver," by Mr. J. H. D. West, M.A., B.Sc., of the British Broadcasting Company. This is a splendid article on "Where the Listener Should..."



The Editor

The Wireless Constructor

EDITED BY PERCY W. HARVIE, W.I.B.E.

RADIO PRESS LTD., BUSH HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

124 PAGES !!!

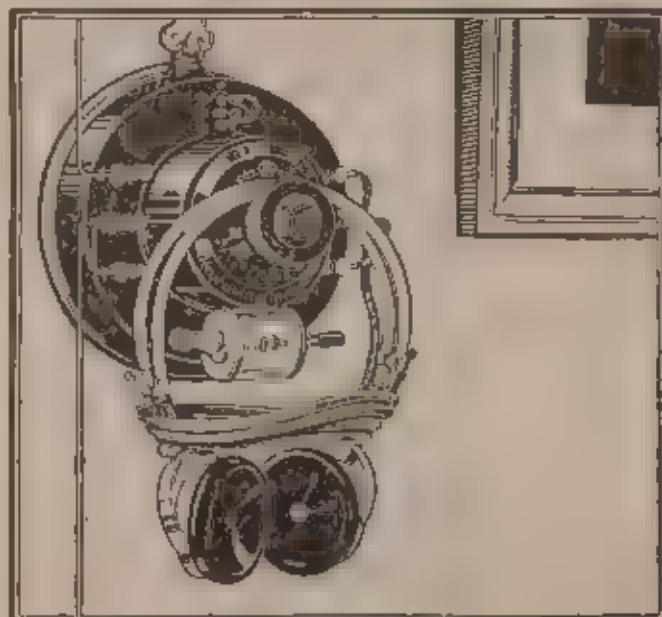
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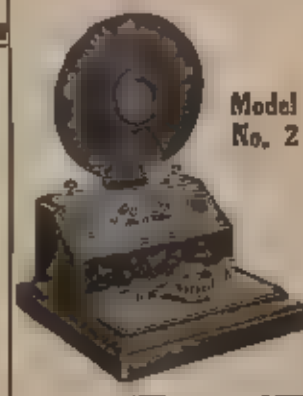
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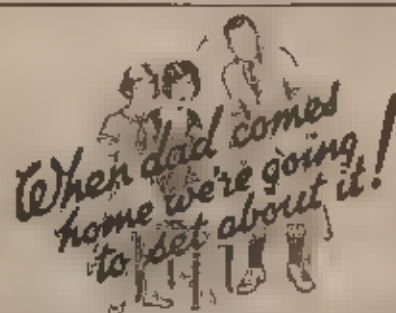
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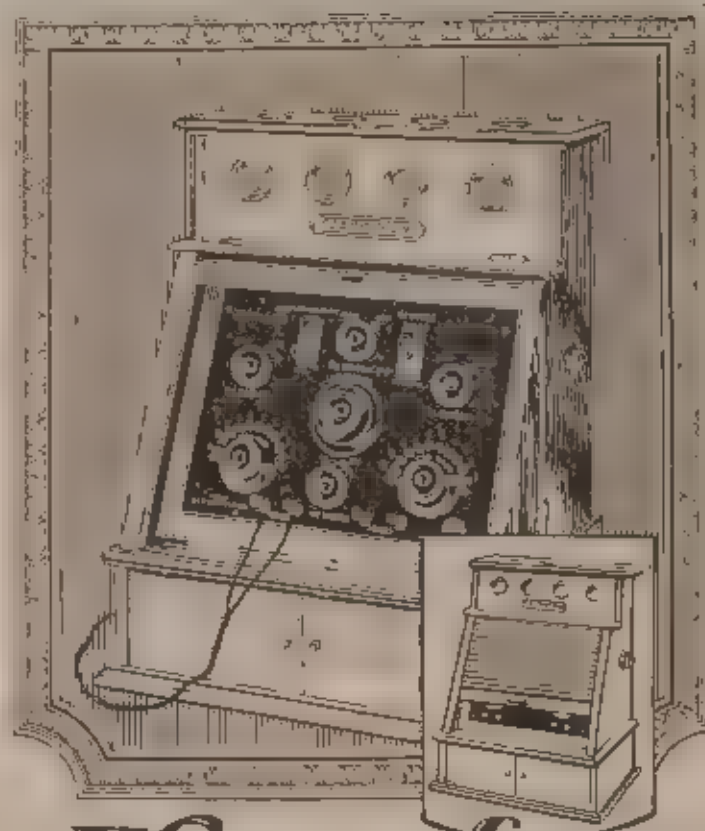
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2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 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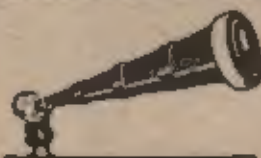


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cast from the station mentioned.

The High-Power (Daventry)
Programme will be found
on page 615.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th.

2.30-5.40

ITAN BALKAN CONCERT.

1.30. THE S
"Scottish I

DOROTHY
"Bethlehem
"An Old Sa

"Ring Out,
EDITH

"Hagadole
"Bluetie"
"Schneetot

1.0. TI
"The Bee
Unison)

"I Love the
PERCY I

"St. Nicho
ing"
"An Old F

"The Wase
Trade

"The Holy

PEGGY C
"Melodie
Paraphrase
Minuet

T
Selection,

4.30. ARTH
will Read a

"GABE

"The P

DOROTHY SILE.
"Deffodile" Cyril Scott
"A Lament" Coleridge-Taylor
"The Sweet Springtime"
Stanford

EDITH PENVILLE.
"Serenata Zingaresca" Catherine
"Schwalbenflug" Kohler
"Rondo à la Tarantelle"
R. de Jong

PERCY HEMING.
"Old Christmas" Martin Shaw
"My Ain Folk" Laura Leeson
"The Knight of Bethlehem"
Geopham Thomson
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"
Quilter

PEGGY COCHRANE.
"Little Fluffy" C. W. Codrington
"Saltarelle" Edward German

THE OCTET.
"Serenade" (L.S.)

9.15. THE BAND.
"Hark the Bonny Christchurch
Bells" Dean Milman

HAROLD WILLIAMS (Baritone).
"Lover's Garland" Parry
"As Ever I Saw" Walslock
"My Love's An Arbutus"
arr. Stanford

THE BAND.
Carol, "Glory to God"
("Messiah") Handel

MAURICE COLE (Pianoforte).
Capriccio in D Minor Brahms
Träumerei Schumann
Scherzo in E Minor Mendelssohn

THE BAND.
"Bells Across the Snow" Gounod

9.45. HAROLD WILLIAMS.
"Part of Many" (Three Ball

6.40.—Talk by the Radio Society of
Great Britain.

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN.
WEATHER FORECAST AND DAY
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN.

7.10. "LE MYSTERE DE LA
NATIVITE"
(Vieux Noël).

A Christmas Play.

Marjolaine, une jeune bergère
MADAME RUFF

Vieux berger
MONSIEUR BOURGEOIS

Vieux Paysan
MONSIEUR STEPHAN

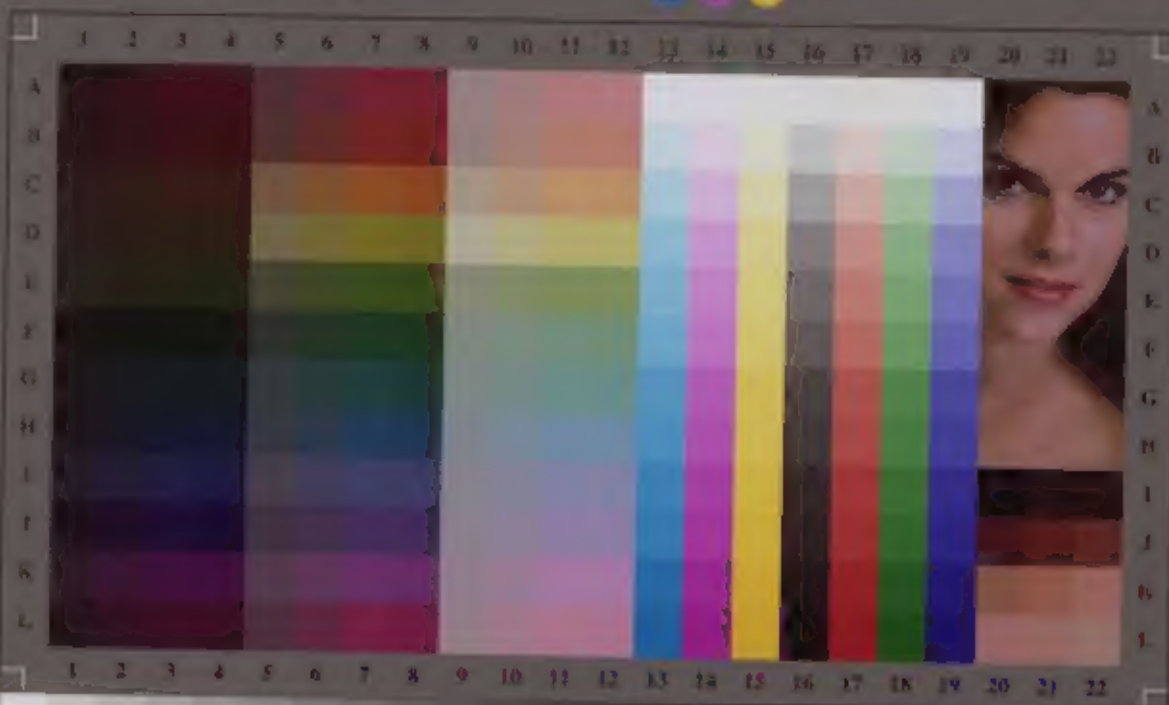
Fils du vieux paysan
MADEMOISELLE CROUVY

L'Archange Gabriel
MONSIEUR GEORGE DE

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, December 20th.
LONDON, 2.30.—Star Ballad Con-
cert.

LONDON, 9.15.—The Band of
H.M. Grenadier Guards.

BIRMINGHAM, 2.30.—Carol Ser-
vice.

BOURNEMOUTH, 4.0.—Christ-
mas Eve Concert.

CARDIFF, 9.15.—Orchestral Con-
cert. Solo Pianoforte—Lefi
Pouishoff.

MONDAY, December 21st.
LONDON, 7.45.—The London
Chamber Orchestra, conducted
by Anthony Bernard.

LONDON, 10.30.—Wilkie Bard.

BIRMINGHAM, 7.45.—Choral
Concert, relayed from the Town
Hall.

MANCHESTER, 8.0.—The Roos-
ters Concert Party.

GLASGOW, 7.50.—The Piana-
forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

TUESDAY, December 22nd.
LONDON, 8.0.—"Hansel and
Gretel" (Humperdinck).

MANCHESTER, 1.15 p.m.—Car-
ols by the Manchester Cathedral
Choir.

BELFAST, 3.25.—Methodist Col-
lege Prize Day Concert, relayed
from Ulster Hall.

WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.
LONDON, 10.30.—Sir Harry
Lauder.

NEWCASTLE, 8.0.—"SNO'S"
Birthday Programme.

THURSDAY, December 24th.
LONDON, 8.0.—An Old-Fashioned
Christmas Party.

BIRMINGHAM, 8.0.—Radio Pan-
tomime Revue.

BOURNEMOUTH, 8.0.—John
Citizen.

MANCHESTER, 8.0.—A Christ-
mas Pantomime.

ABERDEEN, 8.0.—Scottish Pro-
gramme.

FRIDAY, December 25th.
LONDON, 10.15 a.m.—Bow Bells.

LONDON, 3.0 p.m.—Service re-
layed from Canterbury Cathed-
ral.

CARDIFF, 7.30.—Christmas Con-
cert, relayed from the Theatre
Royal, Barry.

MANCHESTER, 7.30.—Ye Spirit
of Christmas.

SATURDAY, December 26th.
LONDON, 8.0.—Gatherround John
Henry.